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COUNTRY LIFE

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The Prime Minister on Strikes

NO one will regret that the Prime Minister took occasion to unburden himself of many things that have been on his mind in the address he gave to the Assembly of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches at Brighton on March 6th. On one point, at any rate, the whole country will be in agreement with him, and that was his deliverance on the subject of strikes. After referring to the threat of more of them, accompanied by lock-outs, disputes and disturbances, he exclaimed, "How childish it all is! How foolish it all is!" He went on to urge that there should be more mutual confidence, and then followed these weighty words: "Surely, these things can be arbitrated. Surely, there are minds that can say what is the best that can be done, and which is the way to overcome difficulties." If he should prove able to translate these excellent sentiments into a firm and definite policy, he will have done something great not only for Labour, but for the country at large. He might bring in the statistician so that help might be given to consider not only the suicidal effect of having Labour and Capital always at daggers drawn, but the very great loss of time and energy involved even in a short strike. During its continuance every idle hand means a great deal more than a personal loss. For one thing, it is a stoppage for the time being and a curtailment for time to come of the wages fund from which wages are paid. We use the term "wages fund" because it has been adopted by Labour orators; it means profits, and profits only. Unless there

are profits there must cease to be wages. These, one would think, are elementary facts concerning which there is no room for disputation; but if they were properly understood, then it would become possible to adjust any differences that arise between employers and employed. It would be well, however, for the aforesaid statistician to show, as he could, without more trouble than it is worth, the losses, direct and indirect, caused by a stoppage. First and foremost there is the interruption to earning on the part of the worker. This he has to pay for in some way himself directly and indirectly. We doubt whether many have calculated what it totals up to. There is a corresponding stoppage in the earning power of Capital. Here the amount does not stand still; there are charges to be met whether the works are going or not, and accordingly a dripping away of that fund from which wages are drawn. Anyone who got out the figures exactly, so that they could not be questioned by either side to the argument, would develop on those firm lines the strongest objection that possibly can be made to such a way of settling disputes as by a strike or lock-out.

As far then as Mr. MacDonald's words go, there is no room for disagreement. He has repeated only what thinkers have thought and honest men have said for years. The true difficulty arises when an attempt is made to produce a machinery for putting these words into practice. It should not, however, be an insuperable obstacle. It hardly needs saying that, on the tribunal, employers and employed should be equally represented and an arbitrator appointed whose absolute justice and sense of fair play are recognised by both sides. All this appears easy and elementary. Indeed, there is no difficulty whatever in formulating it on a sheet of paper, but we have recent experience that when this has been done the possibility of a strike is not avoided. Should Mr. MacDonald make a determined effort to make his words effective, it is obvious that in the long run acquiescence in the decision will have to be made compulsory, or the quarrel will only be stifled for a moment to break out again. His justification for taking the strongest measures is that the country, under present conditions, cannot afford to indulge in strikes. They are a luxury that cannot be afforded in a country saddled with an enormous debt, and an industry that is very slowly, if at all, reviving from the ill-effects of war.

From another part of Mr. MacDonald's speech we obtain a clue that might be helpful in this connection. That is the passage in which he inveighed against class distinction, a doctrine that was not inconsistent with his denunciation of a sort of "hugger mugger" equality. When the late Mr. Page was ambassador in this country, he pointed out in the most friendly way the difference in the respective attitudes of the American and English employer. He did not speak at all adversely of the latter; in fact, he said that there was nothing in the business world of America to compare exactly with the class of highly cultivated young men from the universities to be found in English industrial life. There was one advantage, however, that he claimed in favour of his own country; it was that the American employer stood more on a level with those to whom he paid wages, or, in other words, that he carried less "side" than an Englishman. He would oftener ask than order, and ask in a friendly tone and with a friendly manner. Application of this idea might, perhaps, bring about a change in the discussion of labour disputes, a change in the direction of promoting greater sympathy in both parties to the dispute and a desire on the part of both to strive towards the attainment of a practical result without any unnecessary expenditure of "hot air."

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Herbert Spender-Clay, C.M.G., M.C., and the Hon. Mrs. Spender-Clay.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

A TRIUMPH in the history of lexicography is the impending completion of the Oxford Dictionary. Lord Curzon was not exaggerating when, at the luncheon given by the Oxford University Press to the Oxford Dictionary, he described the dictionary as one that "would remain the glory of Oxford for centuries to come." It originated as far back as 1857 when Archbishop Trench, then Dean of Westminster, made an appeal to the Philological Society to "undertake the collection of materials to complete the work done by Bailey, Johnson, Todd, Webster, Richardson, and others." Preliminary work went on till 1879, when Sir James Murray took over the editorship, and the first section was published in 1884. It may seem an unconscionably long time to us, but these things must be judged by comparison. The *Deutsches Wörterbuch* was begun by the brothers Grimm in 1838 and the work is still unfinished. The Dutch *Woordenboek* was started in 1851, and is still incomplete. The Oxford Dictionary is coming very near to a close. It is complete up to the end of the letter T, and, in addition, V, X, Y and Z are also finished. V and W have taken a very long time, but the end is not far off. The cost of the dictionary will not surprise those who have formed a correct idea of the immense size of the work. The total cost is estimated to be about a million and a quarter, of which £50,000 has been, or will be, spent on the last volume.

IT is a curious illustration of the thoroughness of the dictionary that a reference to it practically settles the argument between Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. A. B. Walkley in regard to the pronunciation of "isolate." Mr. Shaw pronounced it "issolate" and was very sarcastic about those who pronounce it with a long "i," though to most of us "i-solate" has a far more beautiful sound than "issolate." Murray leaves no doubt on the subject. "Issolate," though used on the stage, is otherwise obsolete. Murray's Dictionary is, in reality, what no other dictionary is—a good book to read in. From all the ends and corners of the world of books sentences are collected in which the word under examination has been used, and these are arranged in chronological order. Many are little verbal gems, and the reader is both amused and edified by reading a succession of sentences which in many instances go to show, first, how a word originated, and then how its meaning became modified and in some instances changed altogether by use and fashion.

THE retirement of the three famous mistresses of Roedean School is an event of more than scholastic importance. The sisters, Miss Penelope Lawrence, Miss Dorothy Lawrence and Miss Millicent Lawrence, carried the education of girls a long step forward when they started a school at Brighton under the name of Wimbledon House. They set out, as recorded by themselves, to give physical education

and outdoor exercises their due place in every girl's life, to train the girls in independence and self-reliance, and to give as much liberty as could be granted with safety, and, thirdly, to give each a sound intellectual training. To-day, the views of education thus set forth would cause neither surprise nor alarm. The outdoor girl has become an institution, and her independence and self-reliance are everywhere visible. Forty years ago it was different; many looked upon the dress of the "hockey girl" with a feeling other than of approval. These teachers went on their way, however, content with the increasing support they received. In 1903 Wimbledon House had become too small for them and a school was built at Roedean on the lines of a boy's public school. Mrs. Sedgwick, sister of Lord Balfour and for many years principal of Newnham, laid the foundation stone thereof, and in subsequent years many additions were made which, in 1912, included a new wing with art rooms and a library. The early Victorian girls toyed with games, but the Roedean girls were trained to play them, and cricket and hockey became as hard and thorough at Roedean as they are at Eton and Harrow. Last year a non-profit-earning company was formed, to which the Misses Lawrence made a gift of the goodwill of the school. The governors are mostly "old girls," and they elect the council, which includes, among others, Mr. Justice Lawrence, Lord Justice Sargant, Miss Tuke of Bedford College, Miss Clough and Miss Stephen of Newnham and Miss Lodge of Westfield College.

A HEREFORDSHIRE LANE.

There is a grassy lane
I often think about;
Always I see it plain—
A place shut in, shut out
From the world's ways that tire,
In far fair Herefordshire.

The morning loves that place;
Between its hedges tall,
Along the grass-grown space
The purest sunbeams fall,
And Eve too loves it best
Of all her haunts of rest.

And always when my heart
Is sad, I turn to think
Of that place lying apart
In its own peace, and drink
Deep of the dream that strays
Along its quiet ways.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

THERE are few words that make a greater call upon sympathy than "exile." Every country has had its exiles, and there are few in which the lament of the stranger in a strange land has not been sung. It was sung by the Israelites when they were carried away captives and sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept. Whatever may be one's notion of Eastern policy and of the new governments of one kind and another that have sprung up in various countries, there must be a personal feeling of pity for such a man as the Caliph. He is now sojourning in Switzerland, the refuge of so many exiled citizens. The windows of his temporary residence overlook Lake Geneva and the Castle of Chillon, which will ever be associated with Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." Like other refugees, the Caliph did not reach his temporary home without trouble with the Swiss officials. He wished to travel with his family, against whose journey no objection was raised, but they declared that he would not be permitted to do that, and it was not until the superior authorities had been consulted that he was allowed to proceed to his destination. There he was found by one of the most capable and persistent of British Press representatives abroad, Mr. Martin H. Donohoe, from whose account it can be easily gathered that the Caliph is a broken-hearted man with no present comfort except an Oriental fatalism. "Allah indeed has laid a heavy hand upon me. His will be done." It is certain that the new Turkish Government by this treatment has evoked a great wave of sympathy in favour of the head of the Caliphate, who, in the eyes of true Moslems, stands in the shoes of Mahomet.

THE rumour, "on very reliable authority," that Lord Swaythling's collection of silver is to be sold in June or July at Christie's leaves no doubt as to what will be the event of the sales year. Owing to the owner's generosity, the collection is well known to the public, having for many years been on loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum, in the space formerly occupied by the Dunn Gardner collection, dispersed amid great excitement in 1902. There are few periods that are not represented by unique specimens. The early sixteenth century is represented by the *Soli Deo* font-shaped cup, dated 1500-1 (which will probably fetch well over £4,000), the Rodney cup and cover and several superb mazers. Two Chinese porcelain bowls (Yung Lo and Ming), mounted in Elizabethan silver-gilt, and several tiger jugs of the same period, are almost outshone by the blaze of Jacobean plate. There are two superb tankards (1591 and 1618); three varieties of salts (bell, trencher and cylindrical) of 1599-1600; a set of three superb steeple cups of 1611-12; a tall standing cup of 1619; and the famous Ostrich Egg cup of 1623, the surmounting figurine of which bears a banner engraved: *The 4 of October 1577 Mr. James Stopes Came to be o' parson.* Just as sumptuous is the collection of Lamerie silver, well over fifty pieces of that master's most exquisite work.

WERE there a patron saint of bridges, we in England should invoke him especially on this Saturday, March 15th. For that day is the centenary of the commencement of John Rennie's London Bridge, and chances to fall in a season when acrimonious arguments about building new bridges and preserving old ones are heard throughout the land. Hard upon the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Building's appeal for a survey of ancient bridges, and on the opening of the final stage of the battle of St. Paul's Bridge (surely no struggle over a bridge has been so fierce since Horatius and the brave days of old) come the tidings that Stratford desires to widen Sir Hugh Clopton's famous fifteenth century bridge over the Avon. This superb Gothic structure, of fourteen arches, was, before the rise of Shakespeare-worship, the chief pride of Stratford, together with the church. The bridge has already been widened twice, which has spoilt the beauty of one side of it. A doubling of its width, from 20ft. to 40ft., would spoil it altogether. It is, however, on the main road from Birmingham to London, and it is obvious that some remedy must be found to deal with modern traffic. The Stratford Preservation Society, fortunately, have a suggestion which should meet with universal approval, namely, to build a new bridge, 40ft. wide, a little up-stream, where the river is narrower, the approaches to which will not only develop a large tract of hitherto unused ground, but will enable Sir Hugh Clopton's bridge to be put back to its original state. We publish a letter on Derbyshire bridges in another place.

THE first of the six colossal concrete lions crouching in a semicircle before the Government Building at Wembley was uncovered last week. The building itself will be the most impressive piece of architecture in the exhibition, as it is also the latest to be designed in point of time. In it Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Williams had to think less of covering a vast area than of erecting an edifice of sufficient dignity and grandeur not to be overshadowed by the huge Dominion palaces. They have succeeded to admiration. When the conception is complete—the high central mass and square flanking blocks, the flight of steps leading up to the portico, guarded on either side by these lions—the Government building will mark the culmination of the developments which the exhibition has stimulated in architecture. Here architect and engineer have worked in perfect harmony, with all the experience gained in other parts of the exhibition; and Mr. Clemens, the sculptor, has caught their infectious enthusiasm. His lion is a conventionalised, inscrutable beast. Is he frowning? Is he benign? Is he recoiling to spring, or purring with content as he gazes down on the palaces of his offspring?

ALL golfers will have been sorry to hear of the death of Ben Sayers, of whom Mr. Horace Hutchinson has written a pleasant and sympathetic account in our golfing pages. Sayers was not only a great little player—it was wonderful what he accomplished despite his lack of inches—but he was a great "character," such as is now growing more uncommon every year among professional golfers. His was a rare combination of long-headed shrewdness and boyish enthusiasm. His shrewdness helped him in devising what would to-day be called "stunts," variations of clubs that should catch the public fancy. At the same time, his enthusiasm made him really believe for the moment that he had hit on the club of all the ages. It was this quality that enabled him to go on playing really well, when he was, from a game-playing point of view, an old man. He never gave up hope or acknowledged to himself or anyone else that the young man had grown too strong for him. When he was about sixty-three he could not, owing to some mischance, play in a certain big tournament, and the writer well remembers the tragic tones in which he said, "And me playing so awful well just now." Poor Ben leaves a gap which nobody else can fill!

THE University Sports, which take place on the 22nd of this month, should produce some much better performances in the field events than are usually seen. At Cambridge, on Saturday last, Roberts and van Glysel, the one from South Africa and the other from Ceylon, both cleared 6ft. 1½ ins. and so beat Howard Smith's record for Fenner's. The Oxford President, Dickenson, has also cleared 6ft., though his jump was accomplished in South Africa and not in the less kindly climate of England. Given a fine, warm day there should, therefore, be some fine jumping at Queen's Club, and it is even possible that M. J. Brooks' famous record may go at last. It has stood so long, from far away in the 'seventies, that it would be almost sad to see it beaten. Both sides, again, have some exceptionally good weight-putters, notably Austin of Cambridge, who has done over 42ft., but it is difficult to grow very enthusiastic over weight-putting. Most of these potential record-breakers come from overseas. Oxford always has some very formidable allies from among the Rhodes scholars, but this year Cambridge is almost equally rich.

ECONOMY.

Some fellers when on courtin' bent
Will give their gels sich things as scent:
Parma vi'let and ottar of roses—
You'd think the gels was nothink but noses!

Jim sez Love ain't so blind as those
What never sees beyond their nose;
'E doesn't lurk where the bee's been sippin',
But buys me wheelks or a pound of drippin'.

Or maybe peppermints to chew,
Or 'ot fried fish, an' taters, too.
'Better nor scent,' 'e's alwez tellin';
'You can eat 'em after you've finished smellin'.'

Oi reckons, though, 'e loikes 'em best
'Cos Oi 'as some and 'im the rest.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE excavations at Ur are revealing more than mere archæological remains. They are discovering a whole civilisation. The recent exposure of colonnades of the seventeenth century B.C. and of columns of the fifth millennium B.C. conclusively prove that the theory that colonnades were a Persian introduction to Southern Mesopotamia during the sixth century B.C. is not correct. Columns are symbolic of a certain stage of civilisation, to which many races never attained. The history of columns has always been a romantic theme—their development from tree trunks into the huge piers of Karnak, the mathematical cylinders of the Parthenon, the ornate pillars of Persepolis, and the delicate shafts of Gothic. The discovery that architecture was so far developed in the fifth millennium as to permit their being made of mud suggests that at least a thousand years lay between those and the first timber columns.

THE POST IN OLDEN TIMES

BY DR. C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

MANY centuries before the days of Shakespeare the imagination of man was stirred by the desire to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." It stood in the forefront of the aims that roused mankind to their most earnest endeavours until, by gradual stages, modern facilities of communication came into being. We could now with difficulty conceive an existence deprived of the universal service of the post, which has become a political and economical necessity, without which the peoples of the world would cease from mutual amenities and the full tide of international commerce would dwindle in volume to an attenuated trickle.

"What distinguishes man from the brute is the Post" was the dictum of a distinguished French writer, while to Voltaire it counted as *la consolation de la vie*. Far back in time, while in the Western world methods of conveying news were still in their infancy, there was already an elaborate system in China for the transmission of despatches. We have only to turn to the pages of Marco Polo to learn by what means the mediæval Chinese emperors gained or disseminated news. Their vast empire was traversed by highways leading out from the capital to the most distant provinces. At intervals of about twenty-five miles there were posting stations where messengers were provided with food and lodging and relays of horses, of which some hundreds stood ready in the stables. "Come from what region they may, they find everything in readiness." To quote from Marco Polo: "Every one of those runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run the three miles from post to post their bells are heard jingling a long way off, and thus on reaching a post the runner finds in readiness another man similarly equipt who instantly takes over whatsoever he has in charge and sets off and runs his three miles. At the next station he finds his relief ready in like manner and so the post proceeds." The time of each courier's arrival and departure was noted down and the stations were visited every month by an officer who inspected the time books and inflicted punishment upon the dilatory. The messengers were exempted from paying tribute. When a letter was marked "urgent" they mounted a horse and went at full speed to the next station, where it was handed on to another rider. Each carried a tablet of gold or silver as a sign of his mission and of its urgency. These tablets were of various shapes and sizes and variously inscribed. Silver *Paizah*, to give them their Chinese name, have been found in Russian territory, bearing invocations such as the following: "By the strength of the eternal Heaven! May the name of the Khagan be holy! Who pays him not reverence is to be slain and must die!" These are usually oblong, with an iron ring, and about a foot in length. Others, round in form, were engraved with the image of a falcon, and were given only to special couriers and envoys of the Khan from whom they received them personally in cases of special importance.

Such tablets entitled the holder to seize the horses of fellow travellers, if necessary, and in all ways to be treated as the representative of the Khan himself.

These Post stations existed at an early period of Chinese history, and are mentioned by writers of the ninth century, but they were employed at still more distant date by the kings of Persia. Rawlinson, in his "Ancient Monarchies," gives a description of Darius's institution of posts, which differed only in minor details from the Chinese. Guard-houses were maintained along the entire route to protect the couriers from robber hands, and long stretches of country were covered at a speed that was likened to the flight of birds.

It was not uncommon in Thibet for a courier to ride upwards of eight hundred miles without resting day or night, his coat being sealed so that he did not dare remove his clothes till the seals were broken by an official at the end of his journey; the man himself being reduced to a pitiable condition.

Much has also been written on the subject of the postal system of Rome, which, under the rule of the Antonines, was so flourishing that the population of Italy were exempted from providing fodder and horses, and private persons were allowed to avail themselves of it, subject to certain restrictions. During the reigns of the later emperors it shared the general demoralisation, but even during the subjection of Rome to the Barbarians it continued to exist, the Barbarian masters of Italy being astute enough to grasp its utility.

In the ninth century Charlemagne, then ruler of the greater part of Europe, found a network of posts essential, without which he could not keep himself acquainted with the movements of his distant armies.

But not merely men and horses served in ancient times to carry messages from town to town and land to land. The homing pigeons and migrant swallows were made use of in cases when the former were not available or when the utmost speed of transit was urgently required.

There is the oft-told tale of the athlete of Ægina who, on leaving home to compete at the Olympic Games, took a pigeon off her nest and, having gained the contest, released her with a purple ribbon round her neck to proclaim his victory. Another incident, perhaps less known, is quoted by Yule concerning Fatimite Khalif Aziz, in the tenth century of our era. This

Royal lady had an inordinate love of the cherries of Baalbek, but the tender fruit, if conveyed by caravan and shipboard, must have perished long before it could be transported to Egypt. The Wazir Yakub ben Kilis, however, triumphed over these difficulties by causing six hundred carrier pigeons to be brought to Baalbek and despatched thence to Cairo, having each "attached to either leg a small silk bag containing a cherry"! One may also recall Pliny's description of how Cecina of Volterra, a friend of Augustus (B.C. 41) carried swallows from his estate to Rome and "upon gaining a victory he would send the good



MAXIMILIAN SFORZA, DUKE OF MILAN. FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

news by them to his friends, for after staining them with the colour of the party that had gained the day he would let them go when they would immediately make their way to the nest they had previously occupied."

But the limitations of such methods are apparent, and little was done either by Eastern potentates or by Charlemagne and his successors to make the State post a public benefaction. That stage was only approached in the eleventh century, and then not, as might be supposed, by either England or France, but by Italy. Earliest of European universities, that of Bologna, welcomed students from near and far, and had frequently occasion to correspond with their families and friends, while the students themselves stood in need of remittances from home and fresh stocks of books and wearing apparel. For these reasons a special university post came into existence, and what had up to now been the almost exclusive servant of kings and commanders became available for public utility. The privileges acquired gradually widened in scope, and even while jealously limited by law to the uses of the university, it was possible, by judicious bribery, for private individuals to avail themselves of the frequent going and coming of messengers on fixed routes, eventually extending from one end of the continent to the other. The messengers, who wore short coats, high boots and high hats, were paid by the "sindaco" or head of each "nation." The foreign students at a mediæval university were divided into



A POSTMAN : EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"nations" and elected their own "sindaco," who looked after their interests. The couriers even received passports authorising them to carry letters and parcels and whatever was of consequence for the maintenance of friendly relations between professors and scholars, and they were exempt from the payment of duties at halting places or at frontiers on the presentation of their passports. The Dukes of Milan, the Visconti and the Sforza went a step further than the universities, introducing what was tantamount to a State post into the Duchy. Gian Galeazzo, who built Milan Cathedral, is considered by many as its originator. The messengers on horseback, who were only allowed to carry a whip, were expected to go four miles an hour in winter and five in summer, and those on foot three miles in winter and four in summer. In case of delay the official in charge was commissioned to give the messenger one blow with a stick for every mile ridden in less than the prescribed time. Some covered the ground in an extraordinarily short time, as, for example, Jaquet, a courier of the Count of Savoy, who made the journey from Geneva to Pavia and back in four days in 1399, and received a reward of four and a half lire. Duke Sforza affixed a label to the despatch bag which, translated, read "Quick, quick, quick, riding day and night under fear of the gallows." Every conceivable kind of dainty and article of luxury were sent by princes and rich men to each other—a veritable mediæval parcels post.

Before long a similar system was adopted by the University of Paris, whose accredited agents, known as "petits messagers," were paid by fees fixed by the rector, and enjoyed the protection of the State. When, in process of time, these facilities were conceded to the general public, the revenue drawn by the university from this source became so great that the King (Louis XI) grew covetous of the monopoly he had granted

and laid plans for its revocation, thus opening a struggle between the Crown and the university which continued for many years. The times were not propitious for economical reforms, and it was not until Henry IV came to the throne that an edict was issued containing a series of regulations relating to the postal service. Among many rules now laid down was one requiring that every horse employed should be branded on the right hock with the letter H surmounted by a fleur-de-lis. Penalties were enumerated for horse thieves, and also for those who distressed their steeds unduly by over-riding.

At length, in 1621, the office of postmaster-general was created by Richelieu with discretionary powers and a new code of regulations with regard to this department, which now contributed large funds to the revenue.

Meanwhile, Spain, under Charles V, held the Netherlands in subjection and was impelled to establish lines of communication which ran, in the first place, from Barcelona *via* Lyons and Paris, to Bruges, though we find that the route was already in existence in the fourteenth century. Due in part to the efforts of religious brotherhoods, but still more to the organising genius of the Tasso family, this Spanish post was marked by particular efficiency and reliability—qualities which were conspicuous in the postal services which this remarkable family eventually established in Germany, Italy and Spain.

"The work achieved by Italy for the world in the Renaissance," wrote Symonds, "is less the work of a nation than that of men of power; less the collective and spontaneous triumph of a puissant people than the aggregate of individual efforts



A POSTMAN : FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



A POST HORSEMAN, 1470.

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ARMS OF JOHN JACOB TASSO, 1582.

have first taken service as couriers for the Venetian Senate, but their industry and ambition soon found a wider field. Thanks to their genius for organisation, a network of postal stations overspread the continent of Europe, while they themselves acquired riches and received special privileges from Popes and princes. Quartered on their escutcheon is the device of a flying badger (*tasso*) and a horn, and their horses were wont to carry, fastened to the collar, a badger skin, which had the additional significance of a talisman, then commonly believed in, against the powers of wizardry and the evil eye. Roger Tasso was, perhaps, the first of his name to win distinction. He it was who, while filling the office of chamberlain to the Emperor Frederick III, instituted the first regular postal service between Vienna and Brussels, Rome and Antwerp, Vienna and Madrid. Members of his family directed affairs in Rome and were appointed postmasters to the Holy See. Others were in authority at Innsbruck. A letter from that town would be delivered in Brussels in summertime in the space of five and a half days. So efficiently, indeed, was the post organised throughout the empire and also between Spain and Flanders, the whole framework being the members of the Tasso family, that more than one foreign writer of a different nationality to theirs has likened their energy and perseverance in overcoming the difficulties of their task to that of Columbus in quest of a new world.

When the emperor was at war with Venice a detour had to be made *via* Trieste, whence the courier took sail to Ancona, receiving therefor an additional sum of ten florins. In proof of the large amount of correspondence which filled the mail bags we read that the orator Guistiniani despatched 349 letters from Rome to Venice in 1505, and it is recorded that the Florentines expected their ambassadors at the Courts of France to write daily, though, of course, the letters were not sent off every day. The expense was often great, especially for express messengers, the Venetian ambassador on one occasion having to pay 157 ducats (785

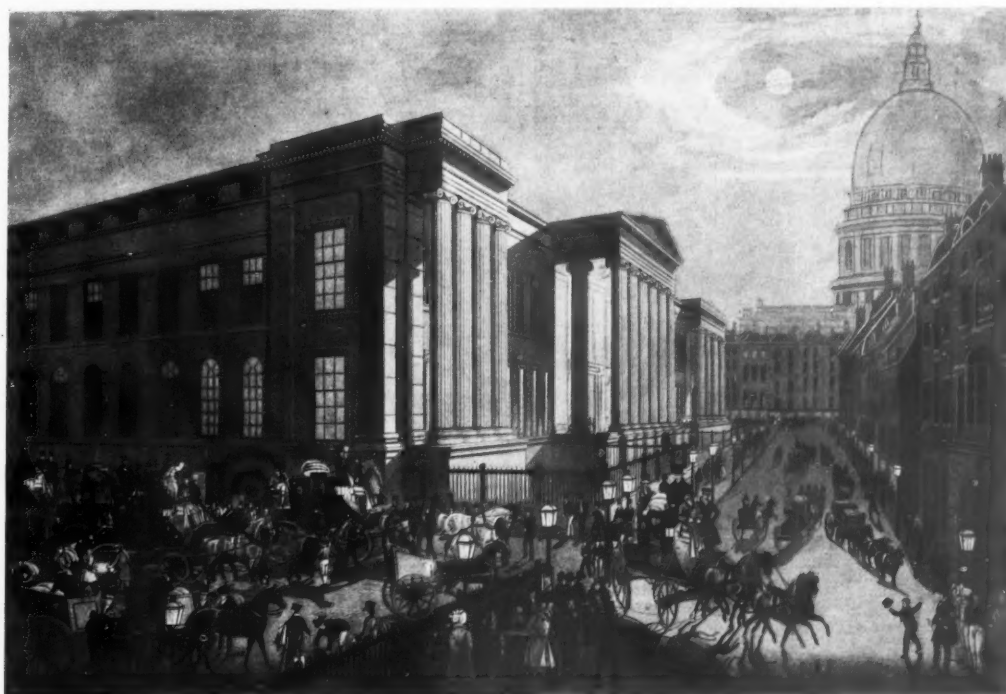
francs) for a courier to take a letter to Sicily. The price paid at the end of the sixteenth century for a letter from Milan to Rome or Madrid was approximately 3 lire 50 cents; to Sicily, 5 lire; to Flanders, 7 lire 30 cents; to Lyons, 5 lire 60 cents.

The couriers, on the whole, seem to have been daring and honest men. Cellini, in his autobiography, mentions two letter carriers by name—Lamentone, a courier carrying letters from Florence to Venice, and a Florentine courier, Busbacca, who prevailed on Cellini to pay his expenses as far as Lyons, saying: "If a poor courier employed on offices of national consequence has fallen short of money, it is the duty of a man like you to assist him." The journey from Valdista to Lyons was fraught with the imminent danger to him and his companions not only from "a band of venturers who tried to murder us," but also from the precipitous ascent of the mountainous path they traversed.

In England the beginnings of a regular postal system are not so well defined as in Italy. Though we find the germs of a post in the days of the Armada and even earlier, the present-day post seems in reality to have originated in the reign of Charles I. Two offices in connection with it were then held by the same person, who was both "Master of the King's posts" and "Master of the King's outward posts." Private letters were transmitted by means of the Royal posts at first as a privilege, but in course of time as a right on due fees being paid. This dual mastership of the King's posts was held about 1635 by a certain Thomas Witherings, of whom it seems strange that so little is known, as he may justly be accounted the originator of our modern English postal system. To him we owe fixed rates of postage and permission for the public in general to make use of the Royal post. He also replaced the earlier service of foot postmen by horsemen.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century methods began to improve; stage coaches came into use, though a regular service does not seem to have been instituted till the eighteenth century. The principal post routes were from London to Plymouth, to Berwick, to Holyhead and to Dover. The arrival of letters was announced in various ways: in Glasgow, for example, by the firing of a gun, when the members of the clubs, awakened by the noise, would scramble out of bed and rush downstairs to the dining-room to welcome the post-bag with tankards of hot ale or rum and sugar. In outlying districts distribution continued primitive for some time. As late as the last century Mr. George Roberts says, "the London letters were forwarded from Lyme to Axminster upon a mule so remarkably obstinate that the beast that bore 'the news from all nations' was urged on with great difficulty."

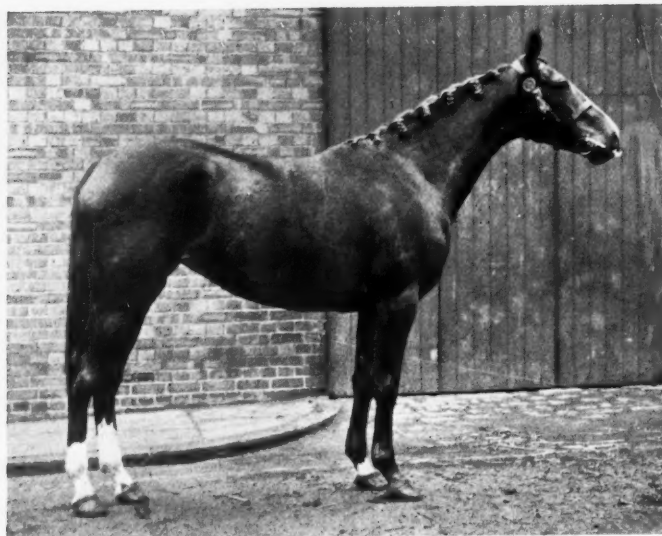
But the age of improvement in postal affairs had set in, and facilities in conveyance and distribution increased from year to year until to-day the English postal service is the most efficient in the world.



THE ROYAL MAILS STARTING FROM THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

From a coloured engraving of 1830.

HUNTERS AND PONIES AT ISLINGTON



ARTFUL, WINNER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHALLENGE CUP.



COLT BY LONAWAND, FIRST PRIZE TWO YEAR OLD GELDING.



GOLDEN GATE, FIRST PRIZE THREE YEAR OLD GELDING.



EDGAR, FIRST PRIZE FOUR YEAR OLD GELDING.



W. A. Rouch.

THE TORY, FIRST PRIZE FOUR YEAR OLD RIDING CLASS.

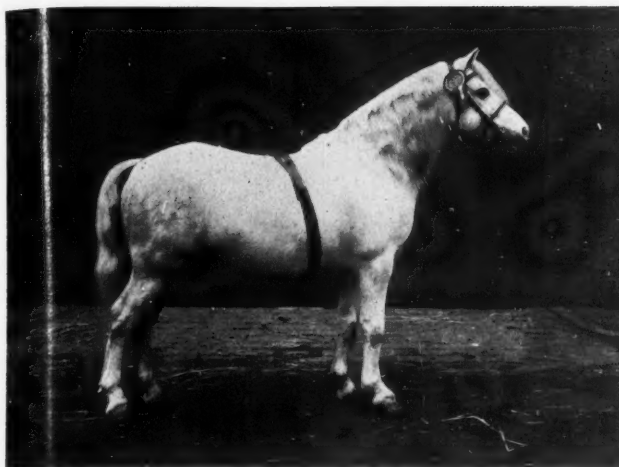


BULLACE, CHAMPION HUNTER.

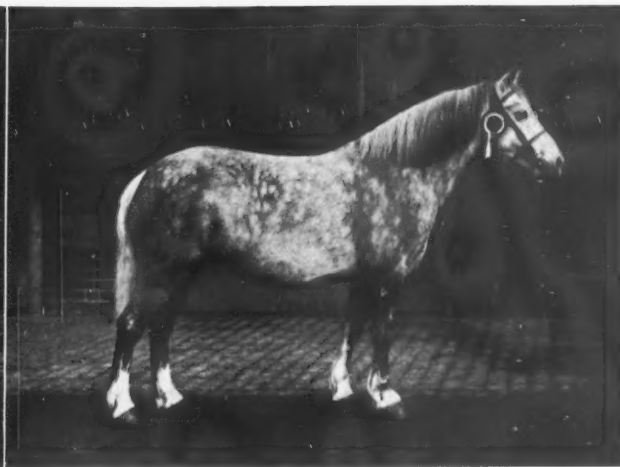
WINNERS AT THE HUNTER SHOW.

Copyright.

W. A. Rouch.
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KILHENDRE CELTIC SILVERLIGHT, CHAMPION WELSH PONY STALLION.



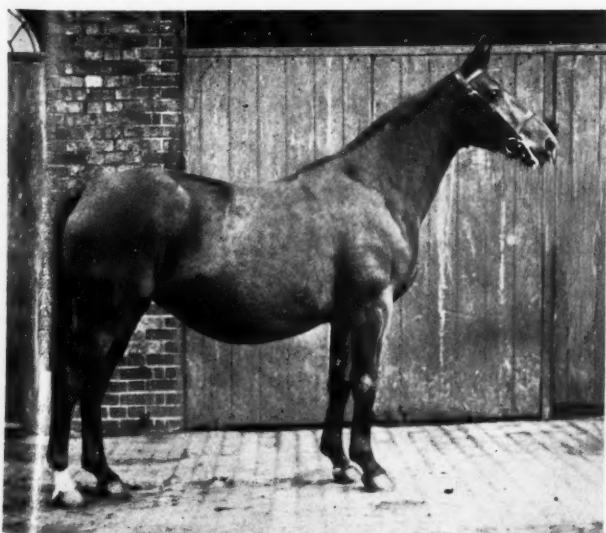
NESS THISTLE, CHAMPION WELSH PONY MARE.



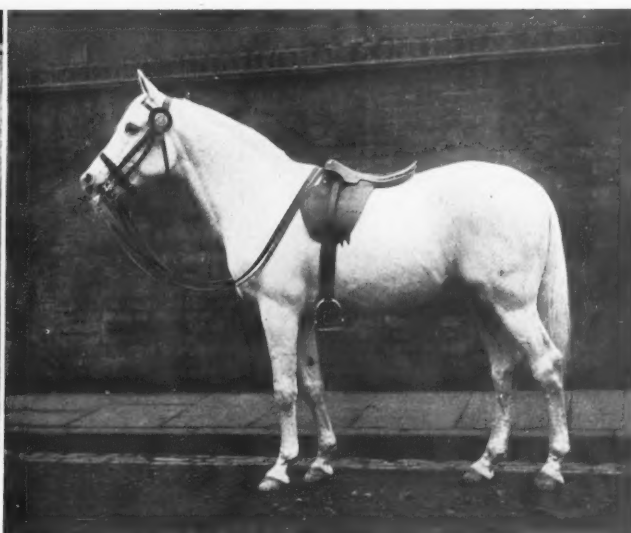
PAVE, CHAMPION RIDING PONY AND WINNER OF THE "LADIES' FIELD" CUP.



WILD TINT, CHAMPION POLO STALLION AND WINNER OF THE "COUNTRY LIFE" TROPHY.



W. A. Rouch.
WAITING MAID, CHAMPION POLO BROOD MARE.



CROSBIE, CHAMPION ARAB STALLION.

Copyright.

CHAMPIONS AT THE PONY SHOW.

Last Saturday saw the conclusion of the Spring Horse Shows in London, when the National Pony Society's successful fixture ended a memorable week, which began with the Hunter Show, when the King's Premiums for Thoroughbreds were awarded. Pony enthusiasts have been greatly encouraged because eloquent testimony has been given during the week to the value of the pony as foundation stock for breeding hunters and Army horses.

GOLF BY CORRESPONDENCE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAVE just had a letter from a friend in India. The writing of it was dictated, I hope, a little by friendship, but chiefly by the fact that he had a bitter heart's cry of which he wished to deliver himself. "I wonder," he says, "if you can give me any advice. I am suffering from an apparently incurable golfing disease. Every shot I play I play with the toe of my club, and whatever efforts I make to counteract this have no effect whatever." He admits that to diagnose and prescribe at a distance of 6,000 miles is difficult, but adds that there is no professional within less than a three days' journey.

To so piteous an appeal an answer must clearly be attempted, and I replied by return of post, but I am afraid that promptitude was the chief virtue of my letter. I began by saying that long before he received it he would probably be hitting the ball in the middle of the club again. If he is not doing so, that remark may make him cross with me. I am conscious that it resembles the comfort administered by our very tiresome elders when one was getting ready, or, rather, being forcibly got ready for a children's party. "You'll like it when you're there," they used to say, and harassed as one already was by soap in the eye and a tight collar, one longed to kill them for that last straw. Yet, to tell the humiliating truth, they were generally right, and despite one's best efforts to sulk and be miserable, one did enjoy it. I nearly said something else which would have justifiably incensed him. It was in my mind to say that things might be worse, and that he ought to be thankful that it was the toe of his club and not the socket. The words were trembling on the tip of my pen, but I refrained.

After this preliminary observation I had obviously to make some definite suggestion. He did not actually tell me so, but I assumed that it was in the driving and longer shots that the disease chiefly manifested itself. The only clue he gave me was that he had believed it due to standing too far from the ball, but he added wearily, "it does not appear to be this." I first endeavoured to reassure him on this point by saying what I believe to be true, that very few people stand too far away from the ball in driving. There may be some, no doubt, just as there may be those who hit the ball too late; but just as the commonest of all vices in hitting is to hit too soon, so the commonest error in stance is to creep in on the ball and get too close to it. I am thinking, I admit, particularly of good players, and my friend is one of these. One does occasionally see beginners in a state of cataleptic rigidity, like a pair of compasses muffled in coat and trousers, standing preposterously far from the ball. Further, if one does, for once in a while, get too far from the ball, one usually discovers the fact by tumbling on one's nose and so hitting the ball off the heel. Persistent toeing, I should imagine, would arise more probably from standing too close. The body is, as it were, conscious of being too near the ball, though its foolish proprietor, the player, does not know it, and so it makes a frantic effort to get farther off in the course of the swing. The result is that the player, as he describes it, "falls away," and only just reaches the ball with the extreme snout of the club.

Having got rid of the "too far away" explanation, I tried to think, in the hope of helping him, of why I myself hit the ball with the toe. And the first thing that occurred to me was the fact that when I am toeing I am generally slicing. It always seems to me a pity that the golfer in his early days imbibes the belief that a ball hit off the heel flies always to the right, and a ball off the toe to the left. In point of fact, a ball struck off the heel proceeds as often as not in the direction of mid-on, generally along the ground, while the toe sends it over cover-point's head. I know that when I am inclined to slice, the toe of my club has green or muddy marks upon it, and at the same time there is a mark on the ground to explain how it happened, a horrid little scar running perceptibly from right to left. And why, my friends, if I may adopt the style of Mr. Chadband, does that scar run from right to left? Because I am "coming across the line." And why am I coming across the line? Because I am bringing my right shoulder round too fast, so that

the club is describing an odious loop instead of going straight through. There is, of course, the further enquiry possible as to what I am doing wrong on the way up to make my right shoulder misbehave. But if I had gone into that my letter would have become too much like "The house that Jack built." I therefore contented myself with suggesting to my friend that he should see if his right shoulder was behaving properly.

Another suggestion which I made to him was that perhaps he was not getting down to the ball as he hit it. This also came from my own experience. I once complained bitterly to a very wise professional that I was falling away from the ball, and he replied, no, but that I was not getting down to it. I was flinching as I came near the ball and giving an upward shrug of my body. The result was much the same as that produced by falling away, namely, a feeble, mis-timed blow off the point of the club, but the correct diagnosis made the cure perhaps a little easier.

Well, my letter has gone and is now ploughing its way across the ocean bearing its message of hope. I cannot honestly say that I have much faith in it. I trust rather that my friend, when he gets it, will say "What on earth is this fellow talking about? Toeing? Oh, yes, I remember I did have a fit of it, but I found out how to cure that ages ago." Teaching people to do things by correspondence always seems to me to border on the miraculous. Daily I read the offers of those who will thus instruct one in the art of writing "saleable" articles whereby I shall earn vast sums in my spare time. Or they will make of me a managing director at a fabulous salary, envied by my poor foolish contemporaries who went to football matches or read novels instead of "taking the course." Still I remain sceptical. I freely admit that the man who would make a managing director of me would be a very wonderful person; but he who could make me drive by correspondence would be more wonderful still.

I think Sir Walter Simpson says, "General treatment cannot do any harm": to think sometimes about slow back and the eye on the ball is no more than to take at intervals the harmless necessary pill. The results are almost sure to be beneficial. The remedies that I tried to suggest to my suffering friend were all, I fear, too complex, and were but wild shots in the dark. Now I come to think of it, I ought to have prescribed just one very simple cure for his toeing disease, "Try to hit it off the heel." However, perhaps he has thought of that for himself.

"BEN" OF NORTH BERWICK.

NORTH BERWICK, to a golfer, can never be quite what it was, now that it mourns the loss of Bernard—affectionately, "Ben"—Sayers. It is a loss to more than North Berwick, for Ben was a link between the old and the new in professional golf. He bridged the wide gap between such ancients as Old Tom Morris and Charlie Hunter, and the smart, knickerbockered professional of to-day. He had done battle, with credit and renown, against the best of both schools. He had travelled to many a links. And, besides all that he did, he was distinguished by what he was—himself, Ben Sayers, a "character."

He was one of those to whom was paid the rare tribute that when his name was mentioned all faces widened with a smile—a smile of affection and of amusement. For the great little man was humorous, and also he was comic. You would laugh with him; but also you would laugh at him; and when you laughed at him you would be joined by himself in the laugh. I think he was a little man of infinite good humour, although round about him raged many a controversy, what time he and his brother in law, and in golf, Davie Grant, were foursome playing against Andrew and Hugh Kirkaldy. But for those controversies, he had as henchman and huge protagonist great Sandy Crawford, of caustic tongue and vast fist. "And there's the referee," said Crawford once, lifting that large clench of knuckles menacingly, when his own construction of



BEN SAYERS.

the rules, much in Ben Sayers' favour, was in dispute. About Ben, as around all great men, legends clustered—one that he had been, in his time, a clown, and that at any moment he might turn a catherine-wheel. That I never saw; but he had the square "cobby" figure made for acrobatics. He was a very kindly little man and, I suppose, never made an enemy. I do know that he made friends by the legion. He had at one time a kind of dog-kennel of a shop against the wall skirting the first hole at North Berwick. Thence he would emerge to greet you as you went out on your match, to learn its details and to back his fancy. Home-coming, you would see him, a Napoleonic figure, on Point Garry, waiting to hear how the match and his money fared. Himself was scarcely to be defeated on that old North Berwick course, when at his best. His ingenuity in

bringing his ball round, from the right, to circumvent those poor decrepit fir trees, vaingloriously called "the wood," was masterly. I remember him best a short man at the end of a disproportionally long club, which he brandished very many times before he finally hit the ball with it. As Bob Miller, rubicund son of the sea and ancient caddie, said of him, "It's a day's work to get his shot played." But it was seldom other than a good shot, at long last; and for so short a man he was a far driver in those days of the solid "gutty," which called for so much harder hitting than our light-hearted modern balls. Ben's old enemy, Andrew Kirkaldy, survives him, and Willie Park; but the veterans of that old brigade are very few now. And though younger men may be as good, they never can be the same.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

TO A DANDELION AT A WAYSIDE STATION

(With this characteristic bit of originality. Mrs. Violet Jacob sent a little explanatory note, which runs as follows: "I wonder, is this any use to you? Or is it too much like its subject? It occurred to me in the train last year.—V. J.")

I see you looking through the fence,
A simple thing of no pretence,
To gardeners, even an offence.

Some horticultural porter, led
By passion for his flower-bed,
Is likely to cut off your head;

But I, who wield no garden tool,
Who learned no botany at school
And am no better than a fool,

I like to see you from the train,
Common, good-humoured, flat and plain,
And staring at me through the rain.

Unadvertised and unbedeck't,
The humourless do not elect
You as the badge of any sect.

No weary symbol, fetched from far,
Twists you to aught but what you are,
No one compares you to a star;

And, in a world that's full of pose—
The highbrow, looking down his nose,
The sentimentalists in rows,

The sickly twaddle, past belief,
Of picture papers—to be brief,
You really are a great relief.

So, friend, I'll wish you safe and snug
From gardener, symbolist and slug
And thank God for your ugly mug!

VIOLET JACOB.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

THE ADVANTAGES OF DRY FEEDING FOR PIGS.

IN discussing the advantages of feeding meal to pigs in a dry state instead of as a wet mash I wish at the outset to particularise the self-choice method of dry feeding, which I have found to be preferable from every point of view, although prior to the war I found dry feeding of mixed meals good. The theory underlying the practice of self-choice dry feeding is that pigs, if given a selection of suitable foods, will consume a correctly balanced ration which, with all stock, is the foundation stone of correct and economical feeding. The practical application of this theory seems first to have been made in the United States, and some of the leading agricultural experimental stations there have reported very favourably on the results obtained. Soon after commencing dry feeding on my pedigree pig farms, I began to put the self-choice method to the test. Contrary to the generally accepted idea that the pigs would only partake of what they liked best and that fish meal, if unmixed with other meals, would be taboo, I have found that pigs of all ages and conditions will balance their own rations where offered a choice of suitable foods, which are placed in separate compartments of the hopper, or food container, of the dry feeder.

SELF-CHOICE DRY FEEDING.

My farming interests are now merged with S. F. Edge's Pig Farms, Limited, and on this company's farms, with their big herds of pedigree Large Blacks, Middle Whites, Large Whites and Berkshires, I have had the opportunity of seeing self-choice dry feeding put to practical test in a very big way. The results have been so emphatically good that we are developing the practice very considerably. During this wet winter the difference in favour of the dry-fed pigs as compared with the wet-fed ones has been most marked. In this connection I am summarising some figures which I gave to the *Live Stock Journal* recently concerning nine of our winter litters which were dry-fed self-choice. Five of the litters were Middle Whites, two were Large Whites and two were Large Blacks. The nine litters consisted of eighty pigs which averaged 61.8lb. at an average weaning age of 11 weeks 6 days. This, of course, is a very good record indeed, especially in view of the size of the litters, which averaged nine apiece. When one considers that the nine sows produced a total of more than 44cwt. of live pig in ninety-four days, it will be realised that self-choice dry feeding holds the key to successful and profitable pig breeding.

THE PIG'S CORRECT SELECTIVE INSTINCTS.

The following record of food consumed in a definite period by one of our Berkshire sows and litter of seven pigs is of interest in demonstrating the correct selective instincts which the pig possesses. The amounts of food actually eaten were: 56lb. of white fish meal, 68lb. of barley meal, 72lb. of middlings and 224lb. of maize germ meal. The proportion of protein to carbohydrates and fats works out at nearly one to four, which is a correctly balanced ration for a sow and litter according to the teachings of experts in animal nutrition. It will

be noticed that just over 10 per cent. of fish meal was consumed, which shows that the pigs will eat this food when offered it unmixed with other meals, and thus satisfy their requirements in flesh and muscle and bone-forming substances which are contained in the high protein and phosphate of lime elements in the fish meal. It will be noticed, too, that, although the pigs exercised a distinct preference for the maize germ meal of the three starchy foods offered them, they did not because of this partiality disturb the balance of the ration.

The most important advantage of self-choice dry feeding undoubtedly lies in the fact that it greatly simplifies the art of correct feeding. The working out of balanced rations is rendered unnecessary and the labour of mixing the different foods in the correct proportions is obviated. The various foods are taken straight from store and emptied direct into the different compartments of the hopper, instead of the sacks first having to be undone, the contents spread out on a mixing floor and, after mixing, rebagged, retied and weighed prior to being issued. There is no soaking of meal in water followed by the arduous carrying of buckets of wet mash with a group of hungry and clamorous pigs in close attendance. Where running water is available for the pigs all labour in this direction is eliminated, but even if water has to be carried to drinking troughs this does not have to be done at regular and fixed times, as in the case of feeding wet mash. Further, the pigman is not handicapped in carrying out this duty, so long as the pigs are never allowed to run short of water, by having them clustering closely round him while he is making his journeys to the troughs.

ADVANTAGE IN REGARD TO WATER DRINKING.

With dry feeding pigs consume just the quantity of water they require—no more and no less. Moreover, no skill is required as in wet feeding to determine the consistency of the meal to be fed, this varying with atmospheric conditions, the mash requiring to be thinner in hot weather, when the pigs require more water, than in cold weather. In my experience it is difficult to get pigmen to gauge regularly and accurately the proper amount of water required in which to soak the meal. Self-choice dry feeding enables better and quicker maturing pigs to be reared. The secret of this lies in the thorough mastication which is necessary in eating dry meal. The digestive juices in the mouth are brought into play and the food passes to the stomach and intestines in an already partially digested state. A large percentage of pig ills are caused through indigestion, which is mainly occasioned by the hurried gulping down of slop food.

DRY FEEDING FOR BREEDING.

Wet-fed pigs intended for breeding purposes usually receive two feeds a day, but it is generally agreed that the same quantity of food given more frequently would be beneficial and a lesser tax on the digestive system, but it is usually considered impracticable owing to the increase in labour that would be involved. This ideal is, however, achieved in dry feeding with less labour than is required by two feeds of wet mash daily. Dry-fed pigs are contented and happy pigs. There is no fighting and scrambling at the troughs, and no excited hurrying to

and fro as when wet mash is being fed. Large numbers of pigs can be run together and, because they are not all feeding at the same time, all have an equal chance of satisfying their appetites, and weaker or smaller pigs are at no disadvantage with stronger and bigger ones. One dry feeder of the type used on our farms suffices for from ten to twenty-five pigs, according to their size. Fifty young pigs may be run together in one field, and with two dry feeders they all have ample opportunity to feed comfortably and fully.

A disadvantage which is inevitable in the wet feeding of pigs out of doors is that they tend to congregate most in that portion of the run where they are fed, and this place must generally be more or less fixed so that the pigman does not have an unduly long carry from the point where the mixing tubs are situated. The dry feeder, however, may be moved all over the run and the whole field gets even treading and manuring. By the distance that the dry feeders are from the water troughs the amount of exercise that the pigs are forced to take can be regulated to a nicety. With breeding pigs it is, of course, an advantage to have the dry feeder and the drinking troughs at some distance apart.

METHOD OF USING SELF-CHOICE DRY FEEDER.

Just a few words in conclusion as to the methods we employ on our farms in the use of the self-choice dry feeder. Suckling sows are wet fed for the first week after farrowing, and this, I think, is desirable. They are then allowed access to the dry feeders, and their litters also when they begin to eat, from between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. to between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m., when the feeders are closed for the night by bolting down the lids which are fitted to the troughs. Weaned pigs are allowed access to the dry feeders between the same times until they are about five months old, when those which are being run on for breeding purposes have their rations limited, and this is

achieved by allowing the pigs to have access to the feeders for a shorter time, which is best divided into a morning period and an afternoon period. The feeders are closed down at a definite time after having been opened in the morning and then opened again for another period in the afternoon. The length of time the feeder is open depends on the amount of food which it is desired the pigs should consume. One is soon able to ascertain how much food a batch of pigs will eat on an average when the feeder is opened for a given time. In the case of sows running with the boar care has to be taken to ensure that they do not have the opportunity to consume more than their ration, also that there is ample room for all the pigs to feed together. Dry sows will be found to consume their morning and afternoon rations of food very quickly as compared with young pigs.

S. F. EDGE.

PIGS AND THEIR RATIIONS.

Could you state the amount of mixed meals fed to a pig fattened to the seven months and the average weight of pig when killed at factory? The ration proportion mentioned appears to work out at 1.24d. per lb. fed, taking this week's Mark Lane prices, but on to which carriage must be added from London, Bristol or Southampton. If home-grown barley is used, then it is worth 11s. to 11s. 9d. cwt. on farm. The price paid by a bacon factory near me was, for February, 8½d. lb. dead weight up to 180lb., 7½d. lb. 180-200lb., 6½d. lb. 200-220lb. Incidentally, the factory refuses pigs fed on fish meal—½d. per lb. to above may be added if especially good pigs. I am afraid that the outlook for small pig feeders is very depressing, due to high prices of all meals—unduly high and out of proportion. Probably co-operation on a large scale might be the remedy. It is absurd to pay, say, 9s. cwt. for sharps when English feeding wheat is 10s. 9d. cwt.—A BREEDER. [Our correspondent's queries will be answered next week.—ED.]

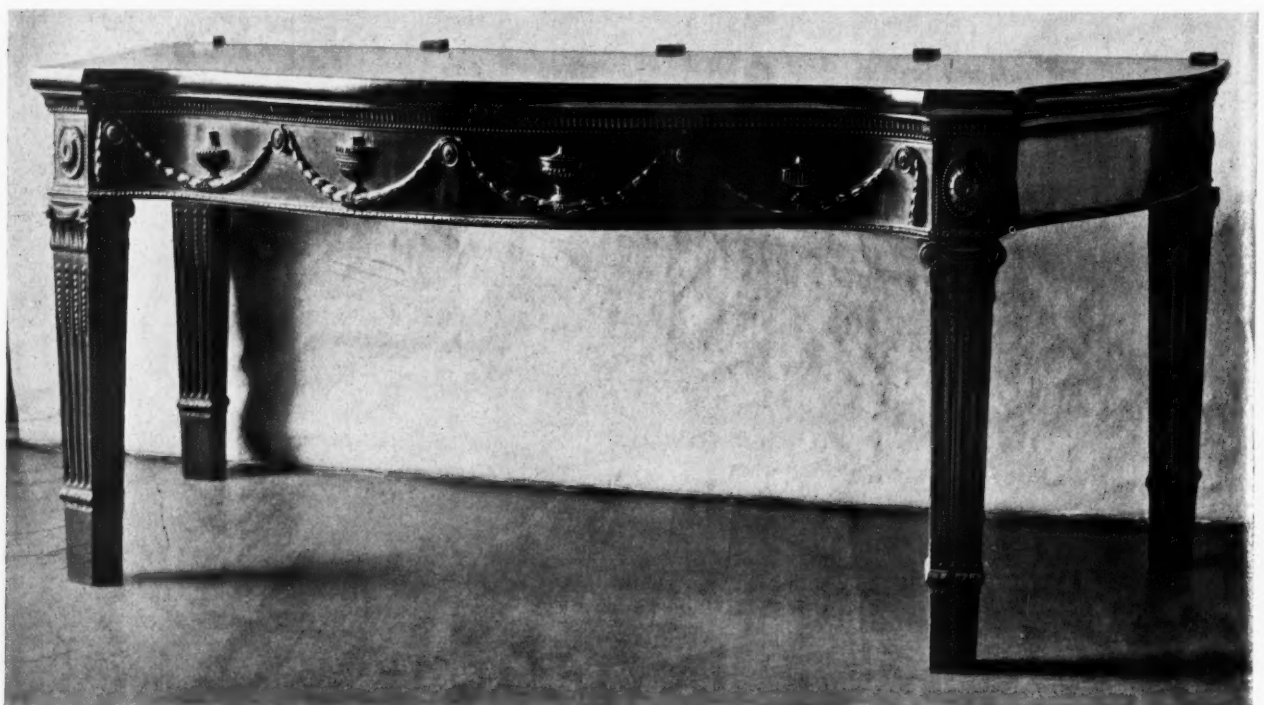
SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FURNITURE BELONGING TO MR. LEOPOLD HIRSCH.—II

BY PERCY MACQUOID.

IN Mr. Hirsch's collection there are two forms of textiles of much interest, the valances to a bed and some lengths of fine patterned Genoa velvet mounted to form a screen. The first of these (Figs. 5, 6 and 7) consist of a set of three needlework valances to a bed; they are beautiful in colour and of the finest *petit-point*, representing pastoral and sporting scenes, depicted with the utmost care. In the left-hand corner of Fig. 5 can be seen the house, an invariable detail in all these needlework pictures; near it is an oak tree, with a domestic cat, evidently belonging to the establishment, hidden away among the boughs—it has a mouse in its mouth and is suckling a kitten; to the right can be seen two gentlemen fishing, in French costume of *circa* 1600, one of them having just caught a fish which he is holding up; the other is seated on the ground, expectant, waiting for a bite and holding his rod with both hands; between them is the basket, and, close at hand, a large spotted sow, followed by its piglet and engaged in eating apples which

a monkey, seated in the tree, shakes down for their delight. Under the apple tree a girl, dressed in a costume of the same period, is milking a cow near which stands its calf; farther on a man is seen running at great speed towards a shepherdess who, with her crook, sits under a tree with a watchful owl in one of the branches, and minds a flock of penned sheep.

Fig. 6, starting at the left, represents duck shooting. A gentleman in a costume of 1600, with a ruff, is stalking ducks in a pond—he has already shot one, which is slung to his belt; he has flushed the ducks, and two dogs are swimming after them, urged on by another man carrying a gun; to the right of the central fruit tree, over which a rainbow is displayed, huntsmen and hounds in full cry are depicted, the leading gentleman, in wide trunk hose, brandishing a large hunting sword and riding a marvellously dappled steed after the quarry, which is a stag, seen in the right-hand corner. Fig. 7 apparently represents an estuary, for



1.—MAHOGANY SIDEBORD TABLE, of Adam design, carved with vases, husking and paterae, it stands on columnar taper legs. Length at back, 7ft. 2ins; height, 3ft. *Circa*, 1765.

in the left-hand corner a whale has evidently got into difficulties; it is followed by another large fish, swans and aquatic birds. A tree bearing gigantic pears separates this scene from the central incident of a lion hunt, where a sportsman with shield and spear, aided by hounds, is seen attacking a lion; a negro, armed in a similar manner, is running to his assistance; while on the right, under the rays of the setting sun, a pelican plucks her breast in her piety. The remainder of the valance is taken up with a knight, armed *cap-à-pie*, pursuing a griffin which appears to be roaring with pain and seeking the shelter of a plum tree. The fringe is original and very interesting. These incidents in needlework were often inspired by details found on contemporary tapestries. In the form of valances they are never met with before the reign of Elizabeth, although they must have been made earlier than this date to meet the requirements of the post and tester beds that commenced *circa* 1525. They were accompanied by needle-work curtains, and, though the labour entailed in their manufacture must have been great, but scanty mention of them is made in inventories. Evidently the embroidered velvet, silk or cloth treatment found greater favour with those who were prepared to spend large sums on the dressing of a bed; and for more ordinary work of this kind, linen, embroidered in a foliated pattern with coloured birds and beasts in crewel stitch, superseded this elaborate and pictorial needlework.

The crimson and cream Genoa velvet has been applied on a screen; it is of superb colour and quality, dating from the early part of the eighteenth century. The design is of "Trophy" character, showing an entire suit of pseudo-classical armour, from the crowned casque to the studded tabs forming the skirt and surrounded by flags, helmets, drums, shields and other weapons. It probably formed part of the hangings of a room, and was a favourite martial pattern during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century European wars.

It is rare to find Chippendale four-sided tables on a larger scale than those used for cards, or the small shape called "Pembroke," or others of the same character used for tea and the display of china; of the latter there appears to have been an almost endless variety, and among them can be classed the pedestal cupboard of rare form (Fig. 9), made of Cuban mahogany and of most unusual design; the concave cabriole of the legs—a sacrifice somewhat of grace in the cause of originality—provides an entirely new conception of line for so small an object, and offers some food for speculation as to whether the Master of St. Martin's Lane designed the cupboard or the stand first. The semicircular and perpendicular stretchers of the latter most ingeniously connect the branching legs that support the small sides of the octagon, and, although there is nothing unusual in the upper portion of the piece, the whole effect is most uncommon. The same sense of originality is observable in the mahogany barometer (Fig. 4), which at first sight gives the impression of some tropical caterpillar; but the effect is due to a sense of movement in the carving of the acanthus which entirely surrounds the instrument, the bulb being most artfully concealed in a skilful treatment of twisted foliage.

In the charming little occasional table (Fig. 3), a late specimen of what Chippendale in his 1770 invoices terms the "Antique Style," can be noticed that on the front drawer husked swags hang over inlaid pateræ, in combination with a trophy of musical instruments in an oval of sycamore on a walnut ground, sprays of roses being introduced on either side; delicate French cabriole legs, veneered with tulipwood and



2.—MAHOGANY DISPLAY TABLE with strong open lattice-work border in the Chinese taste; the legs are long and graceful. *Circa* 1760.

shouldered with metalwork in the Louis XV taste, all combine to make this beautiful little table representative of the traditional taste that ran *pari passu* with the new creations of Adam, and seems to claim the environment of its former owners dressed in the panniered sacques, skirted coats and full powdered heads that were at that time just beginning to be less popular—for as clothes made the man in those days, so these same clothes required this style of furniture to set them off. Another little table, evidently for the display of china, is Fig. 2, for the broad latticework border is capable of affording substantial protection to the Ming figures and other small pieces of valuable china the owners showed off in this



3.—FOUR-SIDED TABLE, veneered with tulipwood and inlaid with musical instruments and bunches of flowers in the taste of *circa* 1760.

manner. The treatment of the pseudo-Chinese fretwork and carving is far more robust and interesting than what is usually found on the more filigreed and later specimens, where at times fragility was carried to a perilous excess, the tall and slender legs ending in sinuous ball-and-claw feet and, ribbed on the inside, are gracefully treated with acanthus foliage in low relief.

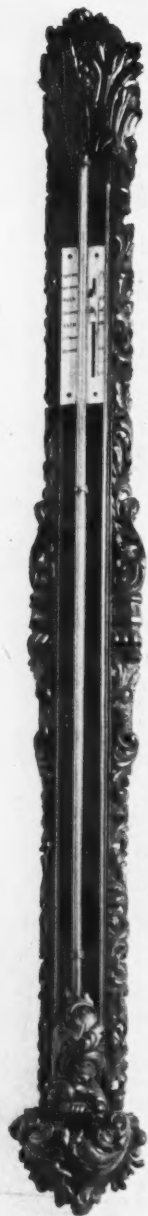
It was very soon realised that Chippendale's sideboards, with their lion masks and picturesque carved acanthus foliage, were unsuitable to the cold dignity of the new dining-rooms designed by Robert Adam, with their straight and taper legged chairs covered in black horsehair, window-seats to match, and a pervading emptiness of almost austere simplicity, and so this great reformer also produced designs for sideboards, tables and plate on classical lines that were in accordance with his walls. These sideboards were, at first, as in the previous decade, accompanied by pedestals of similar style that opened as cupboards and supported urns; but many of these have disappeared, and only the tables remain. Of these, Fig. 1 is an admirable specimen, embodying in bold simplicity the classical *motifs* that Adam evolved from his earlier and rather more decorated innovations. The four Roman vases standing on husked festoons upheld by pateræ, are carved in unusually high relief, each being of a different pattern; and the tapered pilasters, also husked in their flutings and headed by capitals and large pateræ, are remarkably virile in treatment. A mahogany slab, 1½ ins. thick,

takes the place of the marble generally employed for this purpose, the whole effect conveying the sense of a piece of furniture designed by an architect. The room where this sideboard stood originally would probably have possessed a carpet, also designed by the great Adelphi firm, consisting of concentric circles that more or less carried out the detail of the ceiling. In the possession of the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston and also at

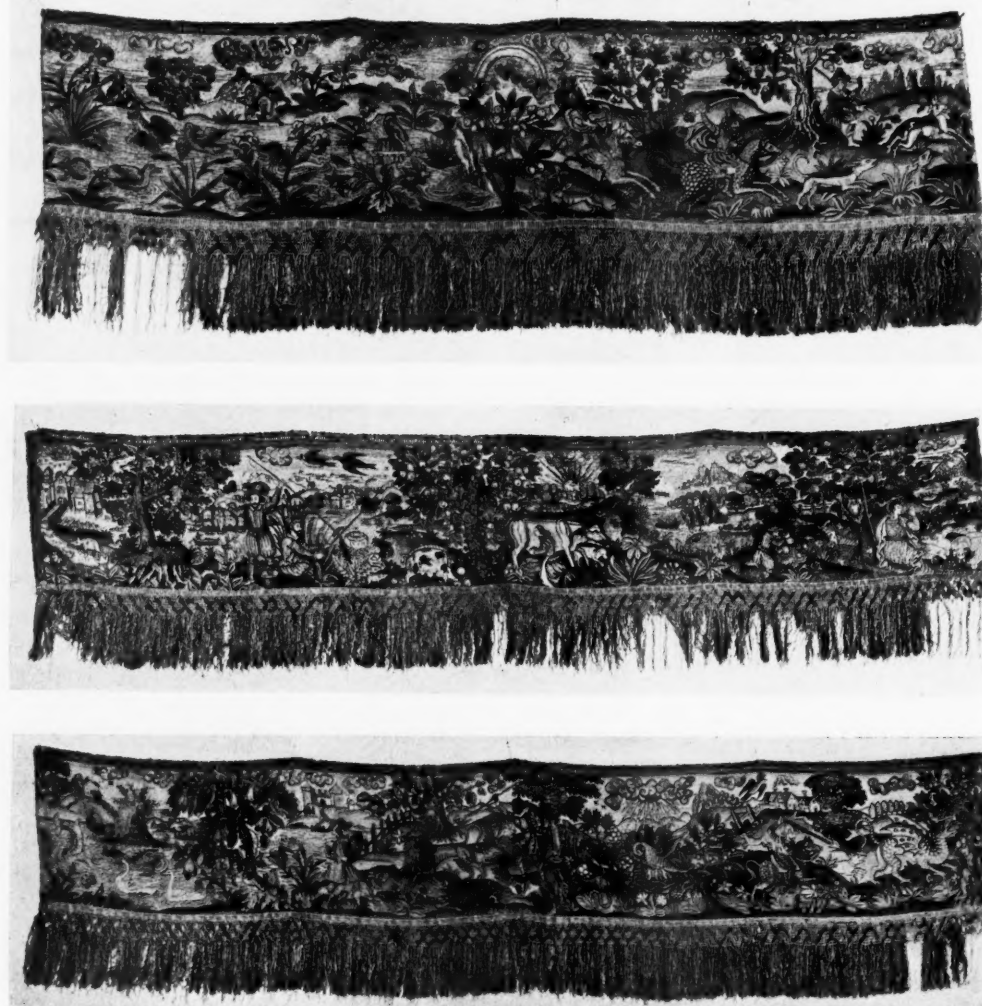
the Soane Museum are sketches by the Adam brothers suggesting colours suitable for the friezes and ceilings of such rooms; they are surprisingly brilliant and entirely different from the rather faded treatment that is frequently associated with this particular period.

It is always interesting to find Chippendale using a French model, adhering to its main principles while eliminating superfluous frivolity; yet, in spite of the super-excellence of the French craftsman on all external details, his interior work was a long way behind that of the English cabinet-maker, and often amounts to mere joinery. Among the other varied furniture at No. 10, Kensington Palace Gardens, are a pair of small commodes of this type, unusual in size and of the finest execution. They are of serpentine form, the legs keel-edged down their entire length, with a metalworked husking spreading out at the shoulders into a perforated honeysuckled cresting; the front, sides and top are veneered with fine East India satinwood, the doors having oval panels of rosewood decorated with vases of flowers in coloured woods, the borders and bandings being of rosewood and the top surrounded with a plain metal band; the interior, which is of beautiful finish, contains three drawers. They are simple and in the finest taste. Had, however, a Frenchman been the maker, all this restraint would be absent, and, at the expense of intricate workmanship and the introduction of more inlay and brasswork, he would have lost sight of the gentle grace that Chippendale was able to infuse into his so-called "French furniture."

We now approach a period dependent on light and colour for its fascination. The form is formal, flat spaces are filled with finely figured veneer, and what had been inlay of different woods, brightly stained, has been superseded by paint; for it is certain that, as marqueterie followed carving, so painting replaced marqueterie, the reason probably being that each evolution demanded less time for execution, and that of the three processes of decoration employed on furniture—carving, inlay and painting—the last-named was found to be the easiest and most remunerative. Sheraton, that strange blend of invention,



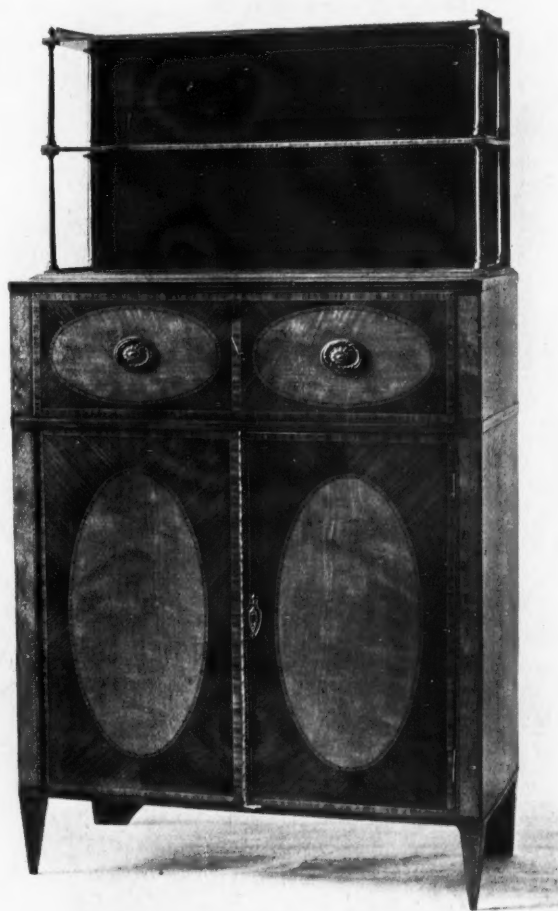
4.—MAHOGANY BAROMETER, with elaborately carved base and top. Circa 1745.



5, 6 AND 7.—A SET OF THREE NEEDLEWORK VALENCES to a bed, worked in *petit-point* with interesting sporting and domestic subjects and with their original fringe. Circa 1600.

mechanism, artistry and mystic religion, suddenly appeared on the furniture horizon of 1790 just as the sun was about to set. From the Memoirs of his friend, Adam Black, we can gain a few scanty details of this remarkable artist's character, and they can be epitomised into one of his final sentences: "This many sided worn out encyclopædist and preacher is an interesting character. He is a man of talent and, I believe, of genuine piety. He understands the cabinet business—I believe he was bred to it. He is a scholar, writes well, and in my opinion draws masterly—is an author, bookseller, stationer and teacher. I believe his abilities and resources are his ruin in this respect for by attempting to do everything he does nothing."

Genuine pieces of furniture of Sheraton design are comparatively rare, although there are masses of satinwood and mahogany that figure under his name. The chief characteristics of examples made under his personal supervision being emblematical of the man's life and embodied in the ubiquitous word "Purity." Fig. 8 is a most convincing specimen of this character and



8.—WRITING CABINET, having an upper construction to hold books or china with a lunette pediment. The veneer is of satin-wood with panels of sacquebu-wood. Length 2ft. 10ins.; height 4ft. 5ins. Circa 1794.

Sheraton's art. It is a combined bookcase with cupboards, with a pull-out front to serve as *escritoire*, showing, when open, five small drawers. The sides are veneered with satinwood; the bookshelves, surmounted by a brass gallery, are of mahogany; and the doors and drawer front are of harewood with ovals of satinwood that Sheraton so favoured. The front feet are of extreme taper form, those at the back being comparatively solid. It is of a date about 1790.

Fig. 10 approaches even more to the close of the century, being about five years later in date. It is veneered with satinwood and decorated with panels of sacquebu-wood and a criss-cross of inlay on the top rail of the lower portion. The upper part has a recess for books surmounted by an inlaid lunette, a favourite finish for beds and cabinets and of which Sheraton made much use. The let-down front discloses small drawers and pigeon-holes, and the four legs, though slight in appearance, are well calculated in construction to carry the piece. In both these examples the satinwood is of a beautiful colour, Sheraton priding himself on the success of his selection of woods.



9.—MAHOGANY PEDESTAL CUPBOARD of octagonal form, on a concave and convex legged stand. Width across top, 1ft. 2½ins.; height, 2ft. 5ins. Circa 1745.



10.—COMBINED BOOKCASE AND WRITING CABINET, veneered with satin and harewood, the bookshelves being of mahogany. Length 2ft. 8ins.; height 4ft. 10ins. Circa 1790.



"LET THY WEST WIND SLEEP ON
THE LAKE: SPEAK SILENCE WITH THY GLIMMERING EYES,
AND WASH THE DUSK WITH SILVER."



"AND IN THE HEAVEN THAT CLEAR OBSCURE,
SO SOFTLY DARK, AND DARKLY PURE,
WHICH FOLLOWS THE DECLINE OF DAY,
AS TWILIGHT SELTS BENEATH THE MOON AWAY."



THE success of the Architecture Club's Exhibition last year showed to what an extent the project had gripped public imagination. After having to remain open for an extra fortnight at Grosvenor House owing to its popularity, the Exhibition had a veritable triumphal progress through the great cities of the North—Manchester, and Sheffield. There is no doubt whatever that a very keen, if untutored, interest in architecture exists to-day in all kinds of unsuspected minds and places. The rebuilding of streets, housing, town-planning, exhibition buildings and industrial constructions inevitably stir up people's attention. The Architecture Club then comes in the role of the sower scattering good seed.

The second Exhibition, again held, by the kindness of the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House, was opened by the Marquess Curzon last Tuesday. It is compounded of four sections, so the committee inform us: Recent Architecture (since the war), Gardens (of the past twenty years), Housing (since 1913), and Memorials. This scheme has not been rigidly adhered to so far as dates are concerned, with the result

that it inevitably tends to be a repetition of last year's show. Not that any buildings there shown are again exhibited; but as the 1923 collection was as comprehensive as possible, it did tend to sweep the board for its follower. A not unwelcome outcome of this is the space available for the less celebrated architects, who have contributed a quantity of excellent work—modest, perhaps, in scope, but not overshadowed by the Imperial undertakings which monopolised a good deal of last year's space.

Before we begin on an account of the photographs, a word must be said of the attractive series of "old models" collected by Lady Constance Hatch, comprising twenty-five English and French cathedrals, and Barry's models for the three towers of the Houses of Parliament. Another time we will deal with the Garden Statuary, which is really the outstanding characteristic of the exhibition. The continuous lantern show, which was so popular last year, accompanied by informal criticism and exposition, will be continued.

The general tone of the assembled photographs is decidedly pleasant. For people desirous of building a country house or cottage there are examples by at least a dozen thoroughly



1.—NORTH MUNSTEAD, GODALMING. (Harold Falkner.)



2.—EYFORD PARK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. (E. Guy Dawber.)



3.—SWANPOOL, LINCOLN. (Hennell and James.)



4.—A GROUP OF HOUSES AT SWANPOOL.

5.—A SQUARE AT SWANPOOL.
MODERN HOUSING SCHEMES.

reliable architects, the work of any one of whom could be trusted to be in harmony with the countryside. It would be difficult to imagine a more satisfactory house in the larger Cotswold manner than Mr. Guy Dawber's Eyford Park (Fig. 2), which has the advantage, from the photographic point of view, of having been completed some years ago, so that it has been smoothed into its setting. North Munstead, by Mr. Harold Falner (Fig. 1), is another charming example of a traditional style adapted to modern requirements with singular tact. The garden lay-out also is attractive. Such cannot be said of the assembly of garden photographs as a whole. Formal architectural gardening is still too much pre-occupied with the "crazy" method: steps and retaining walls and paths made of odd stones ingeniously fixed so as to appear haphazard; lily ponds four feet across joined by a canal eight inches wide, just where one would fall into it. That is not architecture, neither is it gardening. It is fossilised facetiousness. Admittedly, the grand Le Nôtre scheme is not wanted now; but clean lines, decent stone or brick walls and simple masses can be used as effectively in a Chelsea back garden as at Versailles. Perhaps the most effective garden view is Mr. Edward Maufe's "A Norfolk Garden" (No. 187 in catalogue), where straight flagged paths make a pleasing design. Several of Sir Edwin Lutyens' gardens are exhibited, among them that at Heathcote, Ilkley, which show a mastery of invention that none of the others aspire to at all. Sir Edwin's architecture is only slightly represented. Littlecourt, near Tavistock, is an effective and unusual house with long level central body and a high projecting wing on either flank. The Hood, Willington, and Marsh Court are relics of an earlier manner, which will not be without interest to those who study the development of styles.

Mr. Blow and Mr. Billerey show some characteristically sound interior decoration (Nos. 47-52); while Mr. Philip Tilden shows work at Long Crendon, and Messrs. Goodhart-Rendell and Messrs. Coleridge have several designed some pleasant country homes.

These, however, practically conclude the country house section, where tradition has never quite died, and which, therefore, gives limited opportunities for the exercise of architectural originality, or any attempt

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to express in stone the changing outlook of the age. The country house and cottage will, for some time to come, be the repository for all that is loved and old. Eventually we may construct our bungalows on scientific lines, to give the inhabitants the maximum supplies of health-bearing sunlight and fresh air, with a minimum of surface to harbour bacilli and dust. Life may become so rational and organised that we all have to live in machines as perfectly disciplined and as communal as hospitals or ships. The week-end withdrawal to the country will then be devoted to absorbing a prescribed percentage of rays and calories, with appropriate scents (hay, violets, or wet earth) turned on by tap, and the restful sounds of the countryside (gurgling water, bleatings and mooings) administered at certain hours in accordance with ascertained formulæ. This will be in the age of pure reason foreshadowed by Mr. Shaw, when architecture is reduced to pure utility—everything practical, sanitary and moving with a click, administering to the supreme end—the ideally reasonable, deathless existence of man. A brilliant, but slightly unbalanced, French architect has already made out designs and plans for communal living-machines of a kind with the one suggested above, and goes so far as to say that they are æsthetically beautiful. This conclusion he bases on the utilitarian beauty of liners, flying machines, motor cars, even of *la pipe anglaise*; comparing them to the clean lines, resolute masses and geometrical accuracy of the Parthenon. Again, such engineering feats as the reinforced concrete grain elevators of Toronto and Chicago have, even apart from his assertions, a very real beauty: the beauty of huge, simple forms, unadorned save by the play of light and deep shade—a kind of industrial Gothic.

When the Wembley Exhibition opens, the public will have an opportunity of seeing an application of a style largely utilitarian in its beauty. The marvellous co-operation of architect and engineer in the great



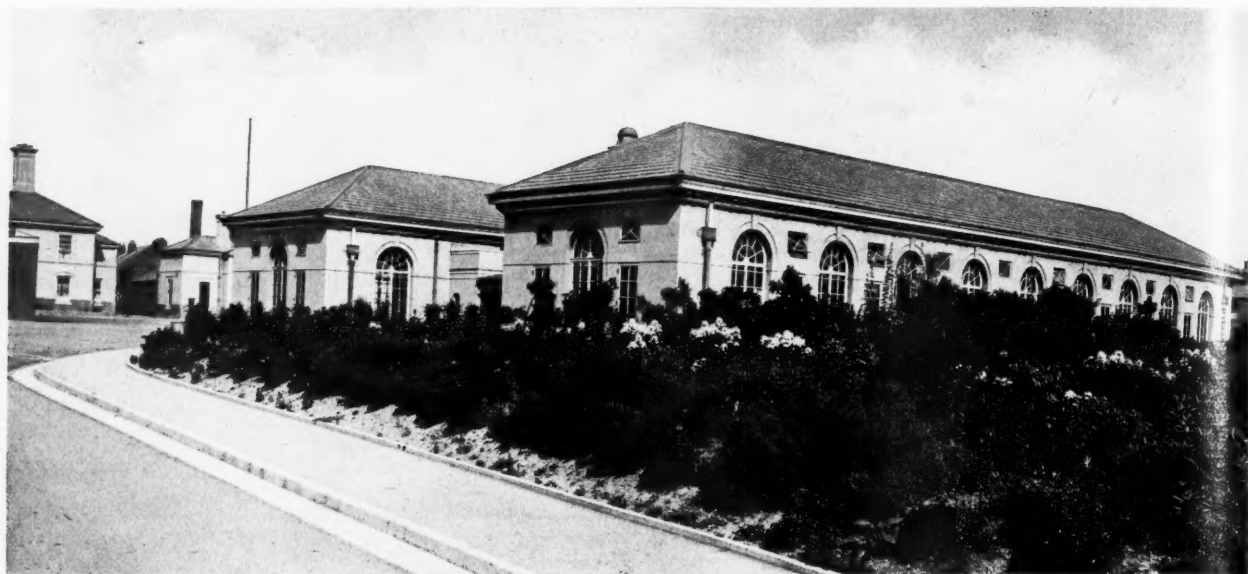
6.—DORMANSTOWN. (Adshead, Ramsey and Abercrombie.)



7.—A HOUSE AT DORMANSTOWN.



8.—CUSHENCAN VILLAGE, CO. ANTRIM. (C. Williams-Ellis.)
MODERN HOUSING SCHEMES.



9.—CANTEENS AT KYNOCH, LTD., BIRMINGHAM. (Buckland and Haywood.)

"palaces" has produced a new kind of beauty. The architect has not been entirely concerned, as heretofore, in assiduously covering up the engineer's work with orders and cupids and swags, pretending that he is not there at all and that it is all pure architecture. But it is impossible to tell where the engineer has taken over from the architect, or *vice versa*. The architecture has the simple dignity and massiveness of an engineering construction; the engineering construction the spatial grandeur of the finest architecture.

There are some admirably effective photographs of some of the Wembley buildings in course of erection, but their interest is picturesque rather than architectural. The solitary work in this collection that so much as hints at even a conceivable fusion of architecture and engineering is Mr. Macdonald Gill's silos at Brianspuddle, Dorset (Fig. 15). Considered mechanically, a silo is a fine thing: it is a pure cylinder. A row of gigantic concrete cylinders has a tremendous effect on the senses. The grain elevators of America are compounded with such simple yet effective units. In a place with such a name as Brianspuddle, Mr. Gill could, admittedly, not be too austere. He had to put little pointed roofs on his forms and give the spectator a clue to tack them on to—oast-houses, peel-towers or something recognised as picturesque. But,

even so, this slight, remote piece of work is, to our mind, the finest piece of architecture in the Exhibition. A great number of the exhibits are only half architecture; the other half is archaeology and sentiment. The particular body of architects who exhibit here—and they are, undoubtedly, the most alive and cultured section of the profession—are in just as great danger of lapsing into sentimentality as that other section which is not related to the Architecture Club. They are but human. The hampering forces are tradition and clients. That they are able to conceive a possible architecture, not far removed in time, which shall be more than half engineering in appearance (as it is already in construction) we do not for a moment doubt; but there is nothing in this Exhibition to lead one to suppose so. We very much hope that next year's show will be far more concerned with industrial and engineering works, stimulated as public interest indubitably will be by Wembley.

Mr. Gill's silo is the only purely utilitarian work here. An interesting collection of housing schemes shows us the most topical application of architecture to human necessities. There are six views of Messrs. Hennel and James's dwellings at Swanpool, near Lincoln, of which we reproduce three (Figs. 3 to 5). Two of the principal features are large squares (Figs. 3 and 5), which have been handled with most pleasing



10.—CARDIFF TECHNICAL INSTITUTE. (Ivor Jones and Percy Thomas.)

effect. That in Fig. 3 is big without monotony. Anybody could live in any one of the houses in it and feel that it was individual from the rest, though, in point of fact, it is precisely the same as every other. That is no mean performance on the part of the architects, and is entirely owing to a sincere æsthetic approach to the problem. A larger and more individual member of the scheme is the house with rhomboid plan in Fig. 9; here, as in the squares, the massiveness of the chimneys gives real dignity to a simple composition. Chimneys are often vulgarly exaggerated, but it is quite certain that many a good little architectural ship has been spoilt for a ha'p'orth of tar in the chimneys. A design can be rescued from mediocrity by a couple of decent chimneys, much as a man can be by a few decent qualities. Another excellent piece of work is Messrs. Adshead, Ramsey and Abercrombie's buildings at Dormanstown. These are probably cheaper than Messrs. Hennel and James's, but are examples of the distinction that a bow window and a simply imagined porch can give to an entirely box-like building. Nobody minds living in a box if it is well made and has one or two openings



11.—FACULTY OF ARTS BUILDING, MANCHESTER.
(Percy Scott Worthington and J. H. Worthington.)

in it which are satisfying to the eye. A more individual, and probably expensive, scheme is Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis's dwellings at Cushencan, County Antrim. Mr. Williams-Ellis is a Welshman and has a Gaelic style completely different from the charming neo-Georgianism with which the Londoner connects his name. There are in the show several of his Welsh works, including a rather unsuccessful war memorial at Carmarthen (or else the photograph has been taken from a bad height), in which he has made use of rough surfaces and large blocks in the vernacular manner. In none, however, is it so successful as in this Irish work, which consists of a low range of buildings flanked by two projecting blocks joined by a whitewashed wall and so forming a court or garden enclosure before the main block. The plentiful stone of the neighbourhood has been well used.

In addition to the buildings already mentioned, most of which are illustrated, there are many others calling for comment, some of which we may take by the groups into which they naturally fall.



12.—ST. CATHERINE'S, HAMMERSMITH. (Robert Atkinson.)



13.—ST. NINIAN'S, GRETN. (Evelyn Simmons.)



14.—OFFICES, ST. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, E.C. (Hepworth and Wornum.)



15.—SILOS, BRIANT'S PUDDLE, DORSET. (Macdonald Gill.)

Among the commercial and civic buildings, Mr. Arthur Thornely's work (Nos. 278-280) in Midland cities stands out as sound interpretation of ideas. His British West Africa Bank at Liverpool is a pleasantly stringent commercial façade, and Wallasey Town Hall and Stafford Public Library are each characteristic of their functions. Mr. James G. West's Government Offices at Acton (No. 404), in concrete blocks, are an admirable example of what a huge office block, not situated in a town, should be like: austere, massive, remorseless, untamed into any urbanity. They are not unlike the shell of the new Science Museum, South Kensington, now sheathed in brickwork, of which a certain ingenious æsthetic used to say that it was the only piece of architecture in London.

A big cinema by Mr. Verity, at Shepherd's Bush (not in catalogue: hangs in the corridor), is almost too refined an edifice for its purpose. It is nobly massed and of excellent brickwork, soon, no doubt, to be covered with signs and posters.

Among town houses, Mr. Oliver Hill sends a model for houses in Smith's Square. This architect always gives an original turn to his designs, and this, in the Queen Anne style, is decidedly pleasing: the embryonic pediment, hiding no window, is pleasantly conceived. The prettiest piece of Lovat Frasers, neo-Georgian work, is undoubtedly Mr. Biddulph Pinchard's No. 86, Brook Street (No. 269), where cement converts the featureless side of a house overlooking a mews into a charming group of chambers for medical specialists. A shipping office (Fig. 14), by Messrs. Hepworth and Wornum, applies the same style to the interior.

Mr. Joseph Hill sends two models (Nos. 107-108) of country inns rebuilt for a brewery company. They should prove irresistible, and we hope other brewers will follow the lead, individualising instead of uniforming our inns. Messrs. Easton and Roberts' Bathing Pavilion and Pool for Prestatyn, North Wales (No. 105), is admirable, of a jolly baroque; a simple colonnade surrounds the pool. Bathing pools are usually completely hideous—but what opportunities they present!

To come to more civic works, there are three or four churches built in conjunction with housing schemes. A distinguished American once remarked of a newly erected English church: "It is certainly successful, for you no sooner get inside it than you say 'My God!'" If the devotional effect of at least two of the churches here shown is less instantaneous, their architectural merits are, perhaps, more noticeable. Mr. Evelyn Simmons' St. Ninian's, Greta, is a first-rate design, admirably suited to the materials. Mr. Robert Atkinson, in his church at Hammersmith, has gone even farther east for his inspiration (if, indeed, he went anywhere, for he is far too cultured and original an architect to turn deliberately to any particular period for ideas). The long barrel vault of his interior is almost Syrian. The practical abandonment of Gothic for a kind of Romanesque in churches is a hopeful and healthy sign. However hard we try to twist our legs round our necks, we can no more be mediæval than the heavy dragoons in "Patience."

The civic buildings of housing schemes necessarily have to differ from those of cities. Messrs. Buckland and Haywood's canteen at the Kynoch works at Birmingham is admirable, and, while not unreminiscent of a Queen Anne orangery, does not aspire to be anything but a graceful canteen, where men and women can take refreshment amid restful surroundings. Quite different are the two civic works which we show. Messrs. Worthington's portico to the Faculty of Arts, Manchester University, may be not unknown to some readers. It is a noble piece of massing, austere and yet attractive, and reasonably expressive of the long atrium within. Messrs. Jones and Thomas's Cardiff Technical Institute are not well shown in the photograph; we get from it the general setting, but are vouchsafed nothing in the nature of a "close up." For civic and business

purposes a form of the classical is desirable. America has made it the style for commerce, so if anybody built offices in any other style, it would be tantamount to using a different moral or telegraphic code. The Classic is in reality a hypocrisy to-day. All those columns and facias and triglyphs are only a

mask. Everyone knows there are girders—rigid, of hardest steel—concealed in all the finery, and that they are the essential element in the structure. But this mode of building corresponds so perfectly to contemporary morality that it is perhaps the most moral style conceivable.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Wuthering Heights. Five Drypoints, by Percy Smith. Published by P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. (Twenty-five sets, 15 guineas.)

THE two principal novels of the sisters of genius who called themselves "Currer" and "Ellis Bell," but are now everywhere famous as Charlotte and Emily Brontë, have lately inspired two very different series of illustrations by English artists. While Miss Ethel Gabain has chosen a long series of incidents in "Jane Eyre" as the subject of her lithograph illustrations to a fine edition of that famous novel printed in France under the direction of M. Paix, Mr. Percy Smith, a devoted admirer of the other sister, Emily, both as poet and novelist, has produced a short set of dry-point landscapes in a portfolio, which, though they bear the title "Wuthering Heights," are not properly to be called illustrations at all. With an almost excessive reticence and modesty, Mr. Smith introduces us by the briefest of topographical notes to the series of dry-point plates which he then leaves to tell their own story and to recall by suggestion the story of Heathcliff, Hareton Earnshaw and the Lintons. "Wuthering Heights," he tells us, is the name given by Emily Brontë to the uppermost of three small groups of rough stone buildings, each comprising a dwelling-house and a barn, on the moors about six miles from Haworth, which are known locally as the Upper, Middle and Lower Withens. All three are now deserted and in ruins, "open to the moorland sheep and the frequent storms." In the first of his five plates he shows us the three Withens from below, set at various levels, not far apart, on the gradually rising slope of a wide bleak moor. The path that leads to the Lower Withen and on past it to the neighbouring farms is shown near and in detail in the second plate, where sheep are browsing under three stunted

thorns near a gap between stone gate-posts where once a gate had been. In the third plate we have a near view of the Upper Withen, the "Wuthering Heights" of the novel; and in the fourth we find ourselves close to its very door, gazing at the litter of stones and logs, from which there rises a single stunted and almost leafless tree that encumbers the approach to the porch. It seems a small and humble dwelling to have been the home of the Earnshaws, but there, at least, are "the narrow windows deeply set in the wall" which one seeks in vain in the handsome three-storeyed building with wide sashes, Law Hill, near Halifax, photographs of which are given as being the original of "Wuthering Heights" in Smith Elder's Haworth edition of the works of the Brontës, 1900 (Vol. v). In the fifth and finest of the series (here reproduced), called "Passing Storms," we stand out in the fields beyond Wuthering Heights and look past it down the valley to the other Withens and the undulations of moors and ever repeated moors beyond them. A fierce shower of rain is beating down upon the lonely farm and the tree beside it, and beyond an interval of clear sky there is another shower driving over the moors beyond. Still more bleak is the landscape, and still more lonely than one would imagine from reading the wonderful novel of which the scene is laid upon these dreary heights.

It is a fine series of prints, and Mr. Percy Smith has risen to a height which he has never before reached except in the very remarkable set of etchings of the "Dance of Death," which he published soon after the war. The small edition would be likely soon to disappear into the collections of those who love landscape etching, even if they were not urged to acquire the series by the special inducement of the Brontë motif.

CAMPBELL DODGSON.



Passing Storms.

Percy Smith.

"PASSING STORMS."

BEAUTIFUL BULBS & TUBERS TO PLANT NOW

By H. W. CANNING-WRIGHT.

FOR many of our most charming bulbs and tubers, wherewith to decorate the hardy flower garden in summer and autumn, we are indebted to that wonderful flower-land, South Africa, although many species from other lands may also be included to swell the gorgeous host of beautiful and brilliant, dainty and delightful flowers, that come under our heading. Though the climatic conditions from which these plants come to us are so varied, we can, happily, "block" them, more or less, under one very simple system of culture, which enables them to be grown with great success at a minimum of trouble in our English gardens.

The first conditions that should be provided are abundant sunshine and a raised border which, while perfectly drained, is never allowed to become dust dry. Add to this, annual replanting in spring, with lifting and storing in a cool, frost-proof place in late autumn, and the way is clear for the addition of many unusual and unique flowers that prove a never failing source of attraction to the keen garden lover.

Nothing in the way of fresh or rank manure must ever be used, though this does not mean that the soil should be allowed to fall into a poor and impoverished condition. Well rotted manure which has come from beneath an old hot-bed or has been stacked so long that it has become perfectly black and falls to a fine powder, is excellent, and a reasonable dressing of this, spread on the surface in early spring and well forked in before planting, provides conditions in which the roots simply revel.

Having thus briefly summarised the main cultural needs, let us now turn our attention to some species and varieties that may be planted now and will give us their flowers before winter returns. *Anomatheca cruenta* is a delightful little plant, between 6 ins. and 1 ft. in height, with narrow sword-like leaves and rich carmine crimson flowers, of which the three lower segments are marked at the base by a dark spot. Though so dwarf, the small bulbs should be planted rather deeply and, in a dry, sandy soil, will often prove quite hardy. They are excellent for patches at the front of the border or to form an edging.

Apios tuberosa is of climbing habit, though one must admit that the flowers are not very showy. It is only suitable for a light soil and, in this, will produce its somewhat pea-like flowers of dull brownish purple in late summer. Their chief charm is the sweet fragrance, though the light twining habit and finely cut leaves are also decorative.

Strikingly outstanding and most attractive, *Amorphophallus Rivieri* produces one huge leaf, nearly circular in form, with a white spotted scape marbled with rose. This is most effectively employed in sub-tropical bedding or planting and never fails to excite remark. To secure the utmost vigour, a rich compost containing a good deal of leaf-mould and manure should be used. Writing of the unusual, brings to mind that extraordinary flower the dragon's mouth, *Arum crinitum*, which has a special love for a very warm, sunny spot. The foliage is deeply cut and the



ONE OF THE WIERDEST OF FLOWERS, ARUM DRACUNCULUS.



THE BOLD FACE AND BRILLIANT COLOURING OF A TIGRIDIA.

stems marbled with purple black. The immense flower rises to a height of 15 ins. and is a deep reddish brown in colour. The dragon arum, *A. dracunculus*, is even more vigorous, reaching a height of 2 ft. to 3 ft., with large foliage borne on stems that are mottled with black. The flower spathe is very large, a queer purplish red in hue, with a long blue-black spadix in the centre. *Bessera elegans*, from Mexico, is exceedingly beautiful, though not showy as a garden plant, for its beauties have to be sought and examined at close quarters before they are fully appreciated. The flower stem is thin and wiry, carrying at the apex an umbel of a dozen or more bell-shaped flowers, brilliant coral red on the outside, but white within, each petal having a rose-coloured line down its centre.

Seekers after the select should not pass by *Gladiolus primulinus*, which is quite different from anything else to be found in the family. It is found growing wild in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Falls and thrives splendidly in our gardens if given such conditions as have been suggested above, but with the addition of a plentiful supply of water to the roots whenever it is dry. The flowers are a beautiful shade of primrose yellow and curiously hooded, the upper petals forming a protection against rain to the delicate pollen. From this, by various crossings, a race of *primulinus* hybrids has been raised which, curiously enough, are cheaper than the original plant. None of the original charm has been lost, but the colour range has been widened, and includes yellow, salmon, rose, buff, apricot, etc.

Another unusual *gladiolus* to plant is *tristis*, which bears large spikes of creamy white flowers tinged with green and distinctive for their delicious fragrance. You may treat *Habranthus pratensis* as hardy and allow it to remain in the open throughout the year, if it is planted 6 ins. deep at the foot of a south wall, and a loamy soil, mixed with a little leaf-mould and sand, is provided. No delay should be permitted in planting this, for it flowers in early summer, the stem rising to a height of 1 ft. and bearing an umbel of lily-like vivid scarlet flowers feathered down the centre of the petals with golden yellow.

If you admire the dazzling tiger flowers, you would appreciate *Polia platensis*, which is synonymous with *Cypella platensis*. This also loves our warm, sandy soil and bears flowers shaped like the *tigridia*, only a rich blue in colour, marked with yellow and white at the centre. It is somewhat of an experiment to grow the Peruvian daffodil, *Ismene calathina*, outdoors, but by

planting in spring and lifting in autumn, great success is often achieved. The flowers of this are simply wonderful, 3ins. to 4ins. across, fringed on the edges and pure white in colour, with a green line down the centre of each petal. In the western counties it may be planted 6ins. deep and treated as a permanent plant.

The tigridias are notable amongst the most dazzling and daring of coloured flowers, and he who plants them is not likely to complain that they belie this reputation. Planting should be done at a depth of 3ins. to 6ins. in a very sunny position and, when well through the soil, they should be top-dressed with a mulch of old manure as they love plenty of moisture and this mulch prevents too rapid drying. Once buds are formed, liquid manure is a valuable help as this not only assists the flowers, but also the offsets, which are growing along below ground to provide flowers for next season. Though the individual blooms are short lived, a good mass of these is seldom flowerless, except late in the day, for successional buds are constantly opening and so the bed is gay every morning for weeks.

Varieties are fairly numerous and, although most people are inclined to grow a mixture, it should not be forgotten that the named species can be most effectively used in groups. We append a description of a few varieties from which some idea of their daring brilliance may be gathered. *TT. atrata*, purple brown flowers with green claws; *buccifera*, yellowish green flowers spotted with purple at the base, outer petals purple; *curvata*, yellowish, dotted with purple; *lutea*, pale yellow and sweetly scented; *Meleagris*, very distinct, with drooping bell-shaped flowers, purple in colour, edged with yellow and spotted with purple; *Pavonia*, the Peacock Flower, scarlet with zones of yellow, blotched with purple; *Van Houttei*, again bell-shaped, bright yellow with a deep purple blotch at the base. The *Pavonia* and *grandiflora* strains are those most usually grown and both of these are readily obtained.

A WHITE GARDEN

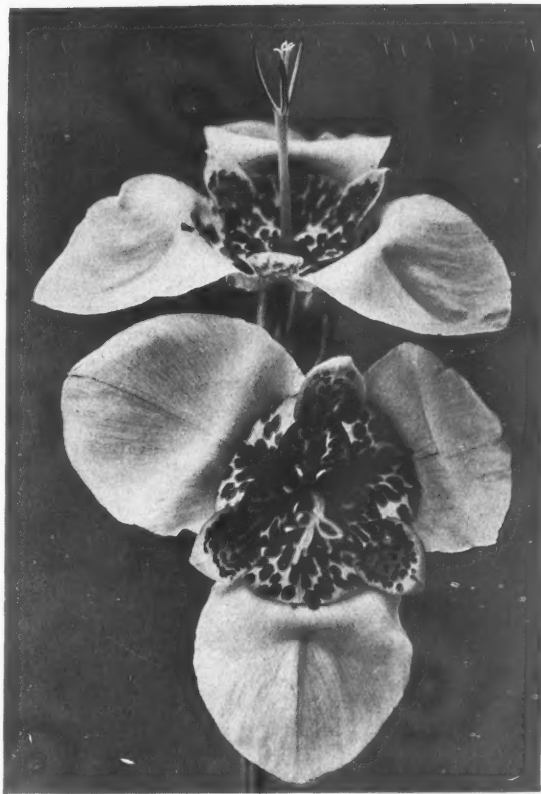
SNOW in March is not common in Cambridge; but last night there was a heavy fall and the garden is more deeply covered with the soft white blanket than it has been for many years. There was no wind while the snow fell, so that every bough on the shrubs has a thick white pad, what in Russian is called a "hat," resting upon it and weighing it down. Touch it with a stick, and there is a miniature snowfall at once. There is no frost and the sun is shining; much of the snow will have melted from the bushes before sunset, but the ground will remain white for some days to come.

Snow has been called "the poor man's manure," and it certainly puts something into the soil which promotes growth. When it has melted, the gardener will find that plants, whose spring resurrection he has long been awaiting, are above the surface at last. If the daffodils had been fully grown, last night would have done great mischief—crushing them down, breaking the stalks, and even blanching their colours. A heavy fall of snow in late April is a calamity. But there is hardly anything which it can hurt in the garden now: it is only the beginning of March, and the abnormal absence of warm days in February has kept everything back.

The only daffodil whose buds had turned over yesterday was *minimus*. The snow is well over its head this morning; but the stalks are too short and too slender to be crushed or broken. The other early daffodils, such as *Tenby*, *Henry Irving* and *Golden Spur*, have not nearly reached their full height, and their buds cannot be seen yet without separating the leaves. This snow will stimulate their growth a little and do them no harm.

Yesterday there was one *Iris reticulata*, the first of the season, half-open, delighting the eye with its purple and gold. It must be buried now, and will probably never recover the brilliance of its colouring; but there are plenty more buds which will take no harm from the white blanket. This delightful iris is grown here mainly in grass. For many years it grew and increased rapidly in beds and borders; but the common, perhaps invariable, result followed: disease appeared, and where one had put in the ground plump, hay-coloured bulbs with their pretty reticulated envelope, one dug up mere shells and husks with loathsome blackness inside. Most of the stock was lost, but the best of the survivors were planted in clumps on grass slopes, and there they have remained for a dozen years. They hardly increase at all; they flower well in some years and badly in others—they seem to be few buds this year; but they have never shown a sign of the fatal disease.

The plant which will probably resent the snow most is *Iris stylosa*. Not having flowered at all last year, the plants have bloomed abundantly for two months past, and there were yesterday a great number of buds visible. The most mature of these, in which the colour could just be seen, will be injured and refuse to open properly; they will never rival the beauty of the half-open buds which were picked two days ago and placed in water slightly warmed. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this flower in a room in winter. But every bud should be taken indoors before it opens; and it should be picked in the right way—not cut or broken off, but pulled up; and care must be taken, or several immature buds will be pulled together with the one which is wanted.



TIGRIDIAS ARE EXOTIC IN APPEARANCE.

Aconites and *snowdrops*, once they have been deeply buried in snow, never seem to get back their true colours; and the same is probably true of *Cyclamen Coum*, whose bright red has been a cheery sight for weeks past. But these flowers may now be considered to have done their duty for the year: they are flowers of winter rather than of spring. But *Scilla bifolia* is a spring flower, and its red sheaths were opening freely last week to let out the blue flowers, the earliest blue after that is the grape hyacinth (*Hyacinthus azureus*). Neither of these plants is tall enough or solid enough to be harmed by the snow, and each will produce more flowers in abundance.

Delphiniums, *phloxes*, *lupins* and *peonies* had all begun to put forth young shoots. These are now snug and warm under the snow and will thrive all the better for their experience if there is a warm thaw. Frost without snow is what hurts them. In Russia a "snowless winter" happens very rarely, but, when it does happen, works frightful injury: the frost will destroy a whole forest of the oldest and tallest trees.

It is impossible to say yet what effect the snow will have on one of our most beautiful spring plants, the scarlet anemone. Here it is grown in grass, and is more effective against the green ground than it can ever be in a border; and, also, it is absolutely safe from any defilement by mud or splashing. Every spring flower grown in a garden bed—daffodil, tulip or iris—may be irreparably injured in its colouring by a high wind on a wet day; and the colour of these flowers is half their beauty. The anemones have been sending up leaves for months past; the first leaves are now brown and withered, but the new bronze-coloured leaves were only half-opened when they were last seen. If the thaw which has now begun is followed by frost and cold winds, these leaves will be hurt, and the flowering of the plants may be affected. No buds were visible before the snow fell; some could be seen last year by March 25th, but they will probably be later this year. The scarlet flowers with their black centres are an incomparable adornment to the garden and especially beautiful in grass.

Whatever may be the case with bushes and taller garden things, such as tree lupins and *Romneya Coulteri*, it is not likely that this snowfall will do much damage to the spring flowers; it may even do them good.

J. D. DUFF.

LAWN MAKING & RENEWING

ALAWN demands, in the first place, proper drainage. The depth and distance apart of the drains will depend on the character of the soil. On clay soils they should not be more than 10ft. to 12ft. apart, nor more than 1½ft. from the surface, whereas on light sandy soils they may be 25ft. apart—even 35ft. apart on occasion. In such case they may well be buried 3ft. deep. Mr. James MacDonald, the well known turf specialist of Harpenden, in his new book* on turf culture, puts the matter very well: "Not only is the land sweetened by drainage," he writes, "but the temperature is much higher on well drained soils than it is

on undrained and sodden ones. Grasses benefit by efficient drainage. On undrained soils the ground gets hardened and parched up during dry weather, whereas on well drained land it remains absorbent and healthy." The best and most straightforward methods of draining and of levelling ground are very clearly set forth in the book, but we can only consider here the simplest case where the fall is practically in one plane, when "it is only necessary to take a mean of the levels at the highest and lowest points, or, indeed, to mark a point on the site midway between these two extremes and adopt that as the final level. . . . Having ascertained the mean level, the next point is to fix the levelling pegs. The pegs, which should be stout, should be put in at regular intervals over the area to be levelled. Fifteen feet apart each way is a suitable distance. The pegs are driven in with a hammer. The level of the finished lawn should be marked on each peg, and, section by section, the soil above the level marks can be moved to the hollow places now clearly indicated. Steps must be taken to make the soil removed quite solid as the work is carried out. By using a straight-edge 15ft. in length the work can easily be checked as it proceeds, by placing the 'edge' from peg to peg at the heights marked, with or without a spirit-level to check the accuracy of the levels." It is important in every case to remove, first of all, the top few inches of soil from the site before levelling begins, and to distribute this soil evenly over the levelled ground before sowing or turfing is carried out.

Mr. MacDonald is a great believer in growing turf from seed, but emphasises that it must be the right seed for the particular soil and conditions in each case. Grass seed should be sown thickly. A gallon of seed properly sown will cover about 75 square yards.

He points out that "when it is intended to sow in spring the first favourable opportunity after the middle of March should be utilised to get the ground prepared to a fine tilth and the seed sown." So that those who purpose seeding a lawn this season should set about any preliminary work of levelling and cultivation at once.

But though the author believes so strongly in seeding, he nevertheless gives most painstaking instructions for turfing.

He recommends small turves 1ft. square in preference to the yard-long sods generally favoured. Each must be trimmed to even thickness. "This is done by laying them grass side down on a shallow tray, the depth of which is varied according to the thickness desired. The trays need to be made so that the turf can slide in and out, but otherwise to fit the turf so that there is no room for movement. Then, with a sharp two-handed knife, cut the underside to the gauged thickness. If the ground has previously been prepared to a firm evenness, the turves can very quickly be laid down, fitting them closely to each other. Such a lawn is, when finished, absolutely true, and requires only thoughtful cultivation to maintain it in perfection."

The same advice applies, of course, to those who have an unsatisfactory lawn, or patches, to cultivate, possibly redrain, and resow or returf. Many once good lawns have been spoiled by the unintelligent jobbing gardener with the roller—an implement which Mr. MacDonald calls "this juggernaut of grasses." The roller is, none the less, well enough if used only when the surface is tolerably dry. Two other favourite practices of the semi-skilled gardener meet with condemnation, namely, the use of farmyard manure, either during construction or afterwards, and the use of lime. Grasses must, of course, be nourished, and chemical manures are favoured. The expert will ring the changes on them somewhat, using the one he thinks will be most beneficial at a particular time. For the amateur, general prescriptions are given which should be helpful in keeping a good lawn "up to scratch." Thus we have: "For Light Soils, a preparation consisting of phosphates 16%, nitrogen 5%, potash 2.5%. For Medium Soils, phosphates 20%, nitrogen 3.25%, and potash 3%. For Heavy Soils, phosphates 25%, nitrogen 2.25%, potash 3.5%. These preparations may be applied at from 4cwt. per acre (= 1lb. for 10 sq. yds.) to 12cwt. per acre (= 3lb. for 10 sq. yds.), according to the nature of the soil and the condition of the plants. . . . A weak plant needs 'nursing,' and should not be given straight away a heavy dressing of fertiliser."

N. H. P.

* *Lawns, Links and Sports Fields*, by James MacDonald. Published by COUNTRY LIFE, LIMITED. (Price 5s. net.)

THE DIAGONAL

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

EVERYBODY knows that, when a horse trots, the near fore and off hind touch the ground almost simultaneously, followed by the off fore and the near hind. It is a "two-step," in fact, making the difference between the "four-step" walk or the "three-step" canter. It is, therefore, known as the diagonal cadence.

When we rise in our stirrups during the trot, we do so on one or other of these two diagonals. That is to say, we rise as the near fore and off hind touch the ground, and sink on the off fore and near hind; or we rise from the throw of the off fore and near hind, and sink on to the near fore and off hind as they touch the ground. This sounds, perhaps, a little confusing; so, as the hind foot reaches the ground at practically the same moment as the fore foot, we can say that we rise on either the off fore and sink on the near fore, or *vice versa*. When a rider sinks on the near fore, that is described as being on the "near" diagonal, and when on the other foot, as being on the "off" diagonal.

When schooling a young horse, this is a point which is usually overlooked, and the horse gets into a habit of carrying his rider on one of these diagonals alone. As a horse can have a one-sided mouth, so can he have a one-sided body. When this is the case, the rider will find it awkward to ride on the unaccustomed side. If he succeeds for a stride or two, he will soon find that the horse will not have it, and before he knows where he is he will be back on the old diagonal. A horse's devices for "replacing" his rider are most amusing and interesting, and makes even the dullest hack a matter of considerable interest. There are three usual ways. Perhaps the most common is for the horse to make the change himself, by putting in a half-stride, whereupon the rider finds himself very quickly "put in his place." This works very well as a rule; but if the trick is known and guarded against, then the next device is for the horse to "break." The rider checks him and brings him back to a trot, only to find he is back on to the diagonal the horse likes best. Another device is to shy at a heap of stones, or any old thing that will make an excuse, and "there we are again."

Of course, these little pleasantries of the road only occur when the rider knows exactly what is happening and is determined to ride upon the objectionable diagonal. "One-sided" horses are uncomfortable on the unaccustomed side, so that unless we do it intentionally we are not aware of the partiality, because we will never find ourselves upon it for more than a stride or two. There are a good many horses, usually those of the phlegmatic sort, who do not mind which we are on; but unless they have been trained to be "double-sided," we shall find that one diagonal is much more comfortable than another. This is, of course, a fault. A properly schooled horse should go

equally comfortably and readily on either. I remember on parade in the old days, I sometimes used to find my sword would swing in an uncomfortable way so that the hilt would catch me on the hip. It was long before I discovered that the reason was that I was on a different diagonal. Although this matter may appear to be one of small moment, such is not the case. The sinking of our bodies in the saddle exercises certain muscles in the horse's back, and if we always sink on one diagonal we use those muscles entirely, to the detriment of the other set of muscles. This fact will have no apparent effect when riding short hours in the saddle; but when we have long distances to go it is a matter of very great importance. Thus, in long cavalry treks it is highly important, if we wish to get the best out of a horse—but I fear it is a standard of horsemanship a little over the head of the average recruit, as I have found out, sadly enough. In long-distance riding, such as used to be practised on the Continent, it is a well known matter, and they usually ride by rule, such as a change every hour, or even every five kilometres. In this way the muscles on the horse's back get uniformly exercised and rested. But such assistance could not, of course, be given, unless the horse had been schooled to "double side."

So here is a little problem I will give the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, the solving of which may make their next hack a very interesting one. You are sitting in the saddle at the walk. You want to trot. You decide from the first moment you rise from the saddle that you will start on a given diagonal. How is it done? Then we have one more problem. You are trotting. Without check, how do you change from one diagonal to the other? The answers are as follow: Before breaking into the trot, watch the movement of the horse's shoulder upon the side on which you wish to sink. As that shoulder is *back*, you rise and force the horse into the trot. Then it stands to reason that you will sink when that shoulder is forward, or, in other words, when that foot touches the ground.

The reply to the second problem is this: All that is necessary is, when the body is raised, to check sinking for what appears to be a half-stride, and then continue as before. It will be found the change has been easily and simply effected, without interfering with the horse in any way.

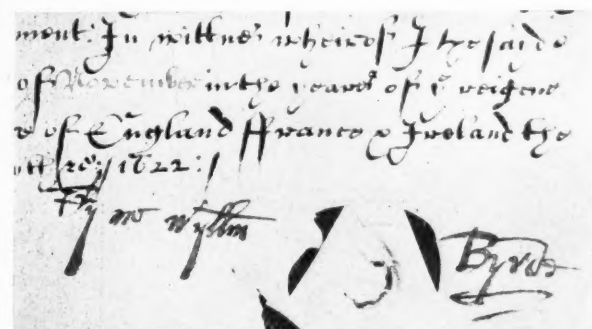
These are two little exercises which will give an added zest to a hack, and make us, perhaps, understand more about what we are really doing when we ride than if we just trot along thinking of other things. It is, after all, the humanities, the sympathy and the knowledge which attract horse and man. We cannot know too much, or take too much trouble in trying to realise the mind, the thoughts and feelings of the best servant man ever had.

WILLIAM BYRD, GENT.

HIS tercentenary is over and has served its purpose admirably. Everybody now knows something about "the father of English music"; everybody admires his grave and noble compositions; so the particulars of his biography may be omitted. But last Wednesday, March 12th, a tablet was unveiled to the memory of William Byrd in the little Norman church of Stondon Massey, between Brentford and Ongar, where for the last thirty years of his life he lived as a country gentleman. It is on this side of his career that a little light may be shed without, perhaps, showing up too much that is already familiar.

One says "as a country gentleman," though both his inclination and his religion tended to hold him aloof from the country people, his neighbours. For he was "of the old profession," and it is only the regular notices of him as a recusant in various home counties that enable his movements to be traced to-day. Curiously enough, Stondon Place, which he first rented, and subsequently obtained in grant from the Crown, was the sequestered property of another Papist—William Shelley, ancestor of Percy Bysshe. The parish as a whole, moreover, had a distinct bias to Puritanism. The Riches, owners of Stondon Hall, by the church, were Puritans; while Nathaniel Ward, who put up the pulpit and reading desk in the church in 1630, was brother to Samuel Ward, a noted Puritan preacher of Ipswich, and, having been excommunicated and "deprived" for not wearing a surplice nor using the Prayer Book, set sail for Massachusetts. The reading desk bears something of Nathaniel's individuality, for upon it are carved the words "Christ is All in All"—a text on which brother Samuel had preached and printed a famous sermon in 1627—with a vine and a sheaf of wheat on the corner brackets, as symbols of Christ's sufficiency. Thus it is more likely than not that William Byrd never came into Stondon Church, though his wife was buried in the churchyard and he desired to lie beside her.

The Byrds lived a rather nomadic life; after they had moved up to London in about 1573, from Lincoln, where William had



SIGNATURE OF WILLIAM BYRD ON HIS WILL (1622).

been organist under Tallis, on his appointment as one of the organists of the Chapel Royal, he gave lessons to the children of the nobility, but retired in his spare time to some small house in the country. Their first house seems to have been in Stapleford, Essex, by name Battles Hall, leased from the Earl of Oxford in 1574. Three years later, though, they had to move to Harlington in Middlesex, where, on an average twice yearly, they were summoned to Quarter Sessions "for not going to church, chapel or place of common prayer." But Byrd was under Royal protection and no harm ever came to him. The Queen showed no particular animosity against Roman Catholics of whose loyalty she was satisfied, and Byrd's exquisite music and exemplary character protected him to the end of his days. It is possible, though, that he had higher ambitions, since Father Weston, the Jesuit, considered that Byrd "for his religion had sacrificed everything, both his office and the court, and all those hopes which are nurtured by such persons as pretend to similar places." Weston's meeting with Byrd took place in Berkshire, at the house of a Mr. Bold, where, the same authority informs us, "they had a chapel and an organ likewise and other musical instruments, and moreover singers of both sexes belonging to the family, the master of the house being singularly experienced in the art." Such private chapels were, no doubt, the place of performance for much of Byrd's devotional music. A large proportion is written for small choirs of from four to six voices. Other patrons, who would use his masses in their chapels, were Lords Northampton, Howard of Effingham, Petre and Paget.

The actual extent of Byrd's "sacrifice" in the cause of religion appears small. There is no evidence that he ceased to be organist to the Chapel Royal; though, possibly, his religion led him to live out of London and excluded him from the cathedrals. Wherever he went, though, he was involved in lawsuits, not always as defendant.

About 1593 he and his wife left Harlington and leased Stondon Place, as we have seen. Forthwith an endless process



THE TITLE PAGE OF PARTHENIA.
The first book of keyboard music in the world; printed under Byrd's monopoly.

of litigation ensued between him and the heirs of William Shelley, formerly owner of Stondon, who had been imprisoned and his estates forfeited as an accomplice in a plot centring round Mary, Queen of Scots; between Byrd and the parish, over rights of



¶ Reasons briefly set downe by th'auctor, to perswade euery one to learne to sing.

- F**irst, it is a knowledge easely taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good Master, and an apt Scoller.
- 2 The exercise of singing is delightfull to Nature, & good to preferue the health of Man.
- 3 It doth strengthen all parts of the brest, & doth open the pipes.
- 4 It is a singuler good remedie for a stutring & stammering in the speech.
- 5 It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronounciation, & to make a good Orator.
- 6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voyce: which giuft is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand, that hath it: and in many, that excellent giuft is lost, because they want Art to expresse Nature.
- 7 There is not any Musicke of Instruments whatsoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of Men, where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.
- 8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serue God there-with: and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that ende.

Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.

Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learne to sing.

BYRD'S PREFACE TO "PSALMS AND SONNETS."
Published 1588.



NATHANIEL WARD'S PULPIT AND READING DESK (1630).
Stondon Massey Church.



TABLET (4 FT. BROAD).
Designed by Mr. Herbert Kitchen

way; and between his tenants, each case dragging on its course for years. Thus, his first ten years at Stondon seem to have been obscure rather than peaceful. He published no music after 1588 until 1603, when the lost "*Medulla Musicke*" appeared. It has been suggested that he was too fully occupied with litigation; and he certainly carried out extensive repairs on the house. He even changed its name from Tooley's to Stondon Place; he "altered some barne doors, erected chimneys, made partitions and at cost of £150 brought water to the house in pipes of lead." Unfortunately, nothing whatever remains of the old house. It was rebuilt in 1700, and burnt down in 1877, when it arose in yet another shape.

It is more likely that during the first part of his tenure of Stondon, Byrd was busy composing, but saved up his work for publication in "*Gradualia*," first published in 1607, and containing a complete set of motets for the ecclesiastical year of the Catholic Church. In 1611 came "*Psalmes, Songs and Sonnets: some solemne, others joyfull, framed to the life of the Words: Fit for Voice or Viol.*" These were dedicated to that many-sided prodigy, the Earl of Cumberland. And it is only a very small proportion of his work that was published. The Fitzwilliam Virginal book, Lady Nevil's Virginal book, the libraries of the King, the British Museum, Christ Church

and other bodies are still rich in unpublished MSS. (though Dr. Fellowes and Sir R. Terry have given a great number back to the world), which date in many cases from this Stondon period.

Byrd made his will on November 15th, 1622, feeling, perhaps, that he might not survive another Essex winter. Though he was then in the eightieth year of his age, he asserted that (through the goodness of God) he was in sound health and perfect memory, and expressed the hope that "my body be honestlie buried in that parish and place where it shall please God to take me oute of this live which I humbly desire (yf soe be it shall please God) may be in the p̄she of Stondon where my dwellinge is." On July 8th this *homo memorabilis*, "never without reverence to be named of the musicians," died, and was buried, presumably, in Stondon churchyard.

On this supposition an excellent memorial tablet has been erected from a design by Mr. Herbert Kitchen, incorporating Byrd's arms (three stags' heads caboshed, a canton ermine) and the ornament of his period. The project has been largely under the supervision of Mr. W. Barclay Squire and Canon Reeve, Rector of Stondon, to both of which gentlemen, as eminent authorities on the subject of Byrd's life, I am indebted for many particulars of this note. C. H.

THACKERAY'S TALK AND LETTERS

Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Edited by Hester Ritchie. (Murray, 15s. net.)

IN a charming letter written to Lady Ritchie by George Russell it is recorded that Lord George Hamilton "could remember Dizzy saying to him that he couldn't understand Dickens, but that my father's style was so magnificent that he would never cease to be read and to be admired." Yet, according to all outward seeming, "Boz" is remembered and Thackeray neglected. "*Vanity Fair*," "*Henry Esmond*," "*The Newcomes*"—whoever sees them in the window to-day? We could not answer "Nobody," but for one Thackeray novel twenty from Dickens meet the eye. An explanation offered by a well known admirer of the former is that Dickens is so much more quotable. His characters are types, and Sairey Gamp's talk is for ever that of her type. Thackeray, just because he is more subtle, is more elusive. One can judge him almost better from the references in this book than from his novels. Anyone who took him for a cold, formal and dispassionate judge would say that the people of his half century were the most lovable this country ever produced. That, however, is a superficial and wrong explanation. It is due not so much to the amiability of the characters with whom he came in contact as that they were reflected in the kindest eyes. Those who imagine Thackeray to have been cynical make a great mistake. He had one of the kindest and sweetest of natures. Unfortunately, he placed a bar upon the writing of any formal biography, but the broken and incidental light thrown upon him by the references in these letters is more penetrating and trustworthy than is usually found in a formal biography. It is not that he gathers and dispenses sweetness like a honey-bee and that he is too good to see faults in others. On the contrary, he figures here as a full-blooded,

all-round man, as great a humorist in his own home and private circles as he was in the best of his novels or in the pages of *Punch*; a man, too, of singular justice and impartiality, he could laugh at his rival Dickens and also shower praise on him. No one would dispute the justice of the following stricture:

What could Dickens mean by writing that book of *American Notes*? No man should write about the country under 5 years of experience, and as many of previous reading. A visit to the Tombs, to Laura Bridgman and the Blind Asylum, a description of Broadway—O Lord is that describing America? It's a mole or a pimple on the great Republican body, or a hair of his awful beard and no more.

If attention were concentrated on that and one or two similar passages, it might not be unfair to call him jealous, but how free from any unmanly attitude of that kind is a passage quoted from his lecture on "Charity and Humour":

All children ought to love him (Dickens); I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once they peruse the dismal preachments of their father.

I know one who when she is happy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is unhappy reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is tired reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is in bed reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she has nothing to do reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; and when she has finished the book reads *Nicholas Nickleby* again.

This candid young critic of ten years of age, said "I like Mr. Dickens's books better than your books, Papa," and frequently expressed the desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can?

Of Thackeray in private life much too little has been said. There never was a tenderer lover and husband; not even when his domestic happiness was wrecked by the misfortune that befell his wife did he utter a word of regret about his marriage. In a letter written in 1852 to his friend W. F. Synge, he said, "Though my marriage was a wreck I would do it over again, for behold love is the crown and completion of all earthly good."

It is only occasionally, however, that he gives vent to his more serious feelings. With his children he was full of fun and chaff, as when he writes to Minnie:

Well I think I shall marry Tishy Cole if she will have me and say: "Tishia my daughters are so anxious for me not to be alone no more, that just to please them I appoint you Mrs. T."—then we will have the fly (he large one not the brougham) from Ottways, and we will drive to the Starringarter at Richmond and Tishy shall take the head and you shall sit right and left of the table and we will have whitebait and fiddlediddlydiddledydie—there's enough of that.

Here is a curious example of his drollery:

One night Papa told us he was lying in the dark with one hand outside the bed pointing up in the air. And he thought to himself "Now what would happen I wonder if the Devil were to come with a pair of nippers and take hold of my fingers?" So then he put his hand under the bedclothes again, but he suddenly remembered that he was not safe, for the Devil might still come with a pair of nippers and take hold of his nose. We asked Papa if he put his nose under the bedclothes. He laughed and said: "No, not his nose."

He took a most wholesome delight in the unconscious drolleries of his children, and some of them were really very funny. In a letter to his mother, Thackeray writes:

I had a letter from Anny the other day. "Papa" she says, "I am very unhappy and don't know Y." She is the true daughter of Mr. Yellowplush isn't she?

Here is a specimen of the many charming accounts of Anny's doings. Anny being the Lady Ritchie of these memoirs:

... Arthur Buller has been here since Saturday, which I am glad of on William's account, he romps with Anny like a second baby of two. You may suppose that she is in high glee and exclaimed "Such a funny gempem Papa." They figure away at cachucha's and mazurka's, she singing "Look how puty I dance!" and it is with great difficulty I can get her to bed.

It is written by Isabella Thackeray to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, and the letter finished with the picture of Anny at the Kembles' Christmas party:

She was such a little Queen. She was made much of by everybody, she danced and sang what she called her "totch song"—"Charley Charley."

If Thackeray gave his little Nan (another name for Lady Ritchie) sensible advice, it was like this:

Don't make doggrel verses and spell badly for fun. There should be a lurking prettiness in all buffoonery even, and it requires an art wh. you don't know yet to make good bad verses—to make bad ones is dull work.

One of his best letters, illustrated by his own characteristic sketches, was written to his cousin, Mrs. Irvine, in 1850. It begins:

Hélas, madame et cousine je suis engagé à diner à Newgate avec les chérifs de Londres—nous irons voir les prisonniers les treadmills et les jolis petits condamnés qu'on va pendre.

The largeness of his nature is, however, best exhibited in the casual appreciation of his contemporaries. In one of his American letters he writes:

I have fallen in love with Bayard Taylor. He was a poor boy almost without shoes 10 years ago, since then he has travelled the whole world over to Europe, Egypt, Nubia, China, Japan, buried a wife whom he married in the last stage of consumption—made 6000*l.* by his books and lectures—is coming to London in Spring and is one of the most interesting men I have ever seen in my life.

The reader will, we are sure, rise from reading this book with an increased interest in the great men of the nineteenth century. Among them comes the great favourite FitzGerald, ever melancholy and humorous, thinking everyone had had enough of FitzGerald; Carlyle, frankly recognised as the dynamic force of his day; Tennyson, Browning, Spedding, all come to life again.

We have lingered so long over the strictly Thackeray part of the book, because, if Anne Thackeray Ritchie were alive to-day, she would be the first to recognise that he is the leading character in this most charming and attractive volume.

MAGAZINE GOSSIP.

THE best gossip in the month's magazines is that by Mr. Edmund Gosse on "Literature and Medicine" in the *London Mercury*. It makes no difference to our description that it was delivered as the first of the lectures endowed by Dr. David Lloyd Roberts, a Manchester physician. He served as an admirable starting point for the lecturer, who said, "He always attended his patients in an old-fashioned brougham, from which there leaped a little figure in a blue serge jacket with a top hat jauntily perched on the back of his head." Mr. Gosse has a great knowledge of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, an era in which the doctor or, rather, the barber surgeon was an amusing and interesting figure who has found a place in several of the masterpieces of the period. As might be expected, Mr. Gosse is very much at home in a scene such as this, and his lecture makes very nice reading. Mr. Squire has added "The Grub Street Nights" to his pieces on London. This was delivered as a lecture also. Other prominent contributors are Mr. Edward Shanks, who writes on Joseph Conrad; Mr. D. L. Murray, whose theme is Arthur Clutton-Brock. A very great number.

In the *Cornhill* are many interesting papers. The one on Stevenson, giving some of his teachings on style, is, no doubt, the most

interesting. Mrs. Winifred E. Peck contributes a most enthralling short story called "The Silence of the Past." All the characters are finely drawn and Mrs. Peck shows a very great intimacy with the geography as well as the characters in Old Edinburgh.

We have received the first number of a very promising new quarterly. It is called *The Fighting Forces*, is edited by Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G., and published by Gale and Polden at the price of 5*s.* it is well worth the money. The contents begin with a paper on "The European Outlook," written by Professor A. F. Pollard, who ends with a forecast: "But, unless we misread the signs, this year holds out the prospect of changes of government in other countries than our own, and with those changes, of better hopes for peace and international co-operation." The contribution of Général Fonville begins with the arresting sentence: "Five times between 1792 and 1914 has France been invaded by German armies. Five invasions in five times twenty-five years. It must never happen again. The writer goes on to make a very persuasive defence of Monsieur Clemenceau's policy. The air situation of the British Isles and Empire is dealt with by Admiral Mark Kerr, and Captain W. E. Garrett Fisher writes very attractively on "The Marine in Fiction." "Reminiscences of the German Court" is very readable. The writer, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. A. V. F. V. Russell, was Military Attaché in Berlin before the war. Plenty of light reading, a paper on "Coaching in the Services" and another on "Hunting for Infantry Subalterns," "Chess as a Service Game," with the score of a game played by Napoleon in 1820, make up, with other features, a quarterly that unites serious thinking with diversion of the best kind.

In another quarterly review, *The Criterion*, T. S. Eliot gives a learned paper on "Four Elizabethan Dramatists," F. W. Bain writes on Disraeli, the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson on "Evolution of English Blank Verse," J. B. Trend on "The Moors in Spanish Music," and there is a very charming "Letter of the Moment" by F. M.

IN HOLIDAY HUMOUR.

ANYONE who associates the name of Mr. C. E. Montague with pessimism will be agreeably disappointed to find him the very opposite in his latest book, *The Right Place* (Chatto and Windus, 7*s.*). In it he recalls the pleasure of many wanderings abroad and saunterings at home with a zest that probably more than equals the pleasure that these interludes in work gave him at the moment. The book may be divided into two parts, one dealing with holidays abroad, the other with idle hours spent in the home country. The division also marks a difference in style. Mr. Montague is a good writer at all times, but in what we have called the first section of the book he is too forcibly brilliant, neglecting the basic fact about good writing—that style should be worn so naturally that it attracts attention only because of its supreme fitness to the writer. To do that there must be more simplicity, more of the style that belongs to narrative than to essay writing. In the whole of the section entitled "Up to the Alps" the eye of the reader is continuously startled by shining gems of speech that do not always elucidate the theme. When Mr. Montague is discoursing of country houses, there is just that little difference in writing which changes good into excellent. He writes of country houses as things of the past; the funeral bell began to toll for them after the victory on the Marne in 1914 and the war became "one of attrition, life against life, purse against purse." Just a little touch of the old pessimism appears in the prophecy that "Probably no British architect will ever again have a commission to build a rural palace for a private owner." The living sympathy with which the writer describes this phase of change and decay in British rural life carries the reader with him. In his paper on "The Faces and Fortunes of Cities" there is much knowledge adroitly used and a loving observation that could only come from one who had lingered with a pleasure tinged by melancholy in the streets of our fine old provincial towns as well as in London, on which he pronounces a fine eulogy, from which we venture to extract one or two passages: "... of all cities, London, after all, is surely the finest to look at. ... Fleet Street when the lamps are being lit on a clear evening; Southwark, its ramshackle wharves and mud foreshores, seen from Waterloo Bridge at five o'clock on a sunny June morning, the eighteenth-century bank of the river looking across to its nineteenth-century bank; the Temple's enclaves of peace where, the roar of the Strand comes so softened, you hear the lowest chirp of a sparrow, twenty yards away, planted clear and edgy, like a little foreground figure, on that dim background of sound; the liberal arc of a mighty circle of buildings massed above the Embankment, drawn upon the darkness in dotted lines of light, as a night train brings you in to Charing Cross; the long line of big ships dropping noiselessly down the silent river, past Greenwich and Grays, on the ebb of a midnight high tide—O, there are endless courses to this feast." This is a brick taken from a large building, but it will give some idea of the eloquence, freshness and fervour with which this part of the book is written.

A History of French Literature, by Kathleen T. Butler. (Methuen, two vols., 10*s.* 6*d.* each.)

MISS KATHLEEN T. BUTLER, Director of Studies in Modern and Mediaeval Languages, Girton College, and Associate of Newnham College, has given us a scholarly and comprehensive *History of French Literature* from the earliest times to 1914. That she should bring her work so nearly up to date is in itself noticeable, as so few books on the subject deal adequately with the period after 1850, and the few which do so seem to imply that French literature stopped short at 1900. For this reason Miss Butler has devoted the whole of the second volume to the complex nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. The book is primarily intended for advanced courses in schools and for University students; but the ordinary reader who has the good luck to come across it will probably end by buying it for himself for the sheer interest and pleasure of reading it. For it is written from rather an unusual point of view. Miss Butler is very sensitive to the atmosphere and floating ideas of each period. As she herself writes: "Literature and life are very closely connected, so much so that one can form no fair estimate of a literature without some knowledge of the conditions which produced it." This is specially true with regard to French literature, and Miss Butler's detailed study of the sixteenth century is preceded by a historical introduction on the subject of the Renaissance

in Italy and the relations between that country and France. Also, the account of the Romantic movement in France is made much more absorbing by an introductory chapter on that movement in Europe generally, and before discussing the Symbolist movement the writer gives us a chapter on its political and intellectual background.

Miss Butler's book is in two volumes, which can be bought and used separately, as each is complete in itself. Also, each volume has a valuable Appendix, giving a list of books for general reading, and also an extremely well worked out synoptic and chronological table in three columns, the first giving dates in French literature, the next contemporary events in the literary life of other countries, and the third giving landmarks of history. For instance, glancing at the date 1760, we find that Rousseau published "La Nouvelle Héloïse" that year, that Sterne published "Tristram Shandy" and that George III ascended the English throne, which clears your mind at once and puts Rousseau on a firm footing.

Somebody once said—I forget the exact words—that a small interest, given a chance, will develop almost imperceptibly into a great passion. And anyone with a slight, undeveloped interest in French literature, reading this book just for the pleasure of it and with no scholastic intent, may suddenly realise, when he has finished it, that he has a full grown passion on his hands. For it is impossible to stop with the ending of the book. One turns inevitably to the French writers themselves.

And, when you come to think of it, knowledge of the literature of even one country, not your own, does change life for you to a remarkable degree.

I. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE, by Hester Ritchie. (Murray, 15s.) See review, page 412.

BYRON: THE LAST JOURNEY, 1823-1824, by Harold Nicolson. (Constable, 12s.) In its own way the most valuable of the many volumes which the approaching centenary of Byron's death has brought to publication.

GREEN PEAS AT CHRISTMAS. HUNTING REMINISCENCES BY WILLIAM WILSON. Edited by the Rt. Hon. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, G.C.I.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (Arnold, 8s. 6d.) The autobiography, finished in 1882, of "old squire" Wilson of Gumley Hall, Market Harborough, who died in 1887. Full of odd information particularly of interest to the hunting man.

ARCHITECTURE.

MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE—INIGO JONES, by Stanley C. Ramsey. *MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE—CHAMBERS*, by A. Trystan Edwards. (Benn, 10s. 6d. each.) Two volumes in a very interesting series.

POETRY.

THE CHILSWELL BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY. Compiled by Robert Bridges. (Longmans Green, 6s. 6d.) The Poet Laureate's selection and annotation of poetry for use in schools; dedicated to the Prince of Wales.

A SONG TO DAVID, by Christopher Smart. (R. Cobden-Sanderson, 6s.) With biographical and critical preface and notes by Mr. Edmund Blunden.

FICTION.

THE BLACK COW, by Mary J. H. Skrine. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.) A posthumous novel which offers a sympathetic study of the devotion of a

working-class woman to the child of her husband's first marriage. It has something much more rare and valuable than mere cleverness.

INIGO SANDYS, by E. B. C. Jones. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) A story of friendship and love, in the modern manner.

JUDGMENT EVE, by H. C. Harwood. (Constable, 7s. 6d.) A critic's volume of short stories.

PICTURE FRAMES, by Thyra Winslow. (Constable, 7s. 6d.) Short stories which fill the frames with pictures full of detail and the interest of character rather than incident.

CATHEDRAL FOLK, by Nicolai Lyeskov. (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) A study of ecclesiastical life in a Russian town in the last century by a writer who is recognised as a Russian classic.

THE PAINTED CASTLE, by Gertrude Spinny. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.) Transmigration is the central theme around which this story of a bookseller's assistant and his love for a nobleman's daughter has been cleverly built up.

PERISSA, by S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richard, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Mais at his second best.

THE DARK EYES OF LONDON, by Edgar Wallace. (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.) "Crooks" and Scotland Yard, with the execution of the murderer as a grand finale.

TONY, by Stephen Hudson. (Constable, 6s.) "The autobiography of a scoundrel."

THE WHITE STREAK, by Sinclair Gluck. (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.) Mystery and adventure, revolvers, motor cars and love.

FREE AIR, by Sinclair Lewis. (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.) An earlier book by the author of "Babbitt," first published in America, 1919.

THE SECRET SISTER, by Arthur Applin. (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.) Mystery, racing and a plucky girl jockey.

THE LAW OF NEMESIS, by Anthony Carlyle. (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE END OF THE ROMAN ROAD, by G. K. Chesterton. (The Classic Press, 5s.) As Mr. A. St. John Adcock in his preface says of this small volume, "G. K. C., the poet and mystic, is here remembering the roots of things."

AN HOUR FROM VICTORIA, by E. V. Knox. (George Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d.) A fine variety of cheerful papers by "Evoc" of *Punch*.

THE DRAMA IN EUROPE, by E. F. Jourdain. (Methuen, 5s.) By the Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford; a study of dramatist and stage from the great days of Athens to our own.

THE WESTMINSTER CITY FATHERS, by W. H. Manchée. (The Bodley Head, 16s.) Some account of the powers and domestic rule of the Burgess Court of Westminster, 1585-1901.

THE ROAD TO TIMBUCTU, by Lady Dorothy Mills. (Duckworth, 15s.) An account of a solitary woman's determined and successful efforts to "go to Timbuctu," and what she saw there.

SALT WATER ANGLING IN SOUTH AFRICA, by Romer Robinson and J. S. Dunn, C.B.E. (Williams and Norgate, 5s.) Packed with information for the angler in South Africa or likely to visit South Africa.

THE SECRETS OF MANY GARDENS, by Mrs. Philip Martineau (Williams and Norgate, 12s. 6d.)

RIGHT FOOD THE RIGHT REMEDY, by Charles C. Froude, B.Sc. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) Dr. Froude offers his book as a guide to health by way of food. It also contains a section dealing with cookery.

THE TALE OF THE TURF, by G. W. Knowles. (Philip Allan, 5s.)

VETERINARY NOTES, by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. (Forster Groom, 2s.) A very useful little manual by a writer of established authority.

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGINEERING INSTITUTIONS, by E. Fiander Etchells. (The Institution of Structural Engineers, 1s.)

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS. The Journal of the Agricultural Education Association. (Ernest Benn, 5s.)

COMMERCIAL TOMATO CULTURE, by The Lea Valley Correspondent of "The Fruit Grower." (Ernest Benn, 2s. 6d.)

WHEN IRELAND WAS AT PEACE

"SHAMUS O'BRIAN!" vociferated the schoolmaster as his eye wandered over the children just assembled, "Shamus O'Brian! Has anyone seen the likes of him this morning?" No satisfying evidence of the missing one, however, was forthcoming, and, truth to tell, a glance at the window was sufficient to give an obvious clue to the absence of Shamus O'Brian. It was a glorious spring day, and the likes of himself vastly preferred playing truant in such heavenly weather, chancing the pains and penalties thereby incurred to being cooped up within the four walls of a room. The well intentioned syllabus, devised by the Board of Education for the benefit of his wayward young mind, had little attraction for Shamus O'Brian when the sun was gilding the mountains and the birds were carolling love-songs to their mates.

It was in a wild district of the West of Ireland that the schoolhouse was situated, where it served the needs of an extensive but scantily populated area, in which a few Protestant families were barely tolerated by the numbers owing allegiance to the Church of Rome. Not that any ill-will existed between the followers of the two faiths in the ordinary affairs of life. They worked and dwelt in harmony and content when evil passions were not stirred up by political agitation or by religious greed. At other times they feasted and danced together at fêtes and races, and broke each other's heads with all the goodwill and bonhomie in the world.

The district, therefore, being mountainous and wide and the population meagre, all children, of whatever faith; had necessarily to attend the one and only local school. A working arrangement had therefore been come to so that two adjoining areas were presided over the one by a Protestant master and the other by one of the opposite faith, who periodically exchanged their scholastic duties. By this plan it was fondly hoped any conflicting needs of the children would meet with fair play. Just now it happened the Protestant pedagogue was ensconced on the educational stool.

On the following morning Shamus O'Brian was in his place, and was quickly summoned to account for his absence on the previous day. He was a typical gossoon, with tousled red-brown

hair, a freckled skin, and with good-humoured grey eyes which keenly and shrewdly watched every feature of the speaker's face; and he was quick to take advantage of any hint for his own benefit, which might be read in the changes of that countenance.

"Shure, yer honour," he replied, in a soft deferential manner, to the question as to why he had not been at school the day before, "the khat was after kindlin' in the morning, an' av coorse I could not lave her at that!" The master was rather taken aback by such a novel line of defence, but instantly ejaculated, "But what difference could that make to you? What had you to do with the cat?" "It was this way, yer honour," replied Shamus in his suave tones, "shure it was the Protestant khat, an' the priest might have laid a hault over the khittens, av I had not baptised them as they came into the world; but now yer honour they are all Protestants. . . . There were just eight of them," he finally added, apparently as an afterthought. "Well!" said the master, inwardly rather amused, "go to your place now, but mind this does not happen again."

Soon afterwards the schools were interchanged in the usual course, and the story of the kittens quickly reached the ears of the incoming schoolmaster. "Come here, Shamus," he exclaimed the next day, "what is this I am after hearing about the cat and the kittens?" But Shamus was not to be too easily cornered. "Shure yer honour," he murmured, "I had the khat mistaken, so I had, it was not the Protestant khat at all, but the other wan, an' the khittens were blind then an' could not see. But that was more than tin days gone, yer honour, an' their eyes have been opened since, an' as I had not Holy Wather used, glory be to the Blessed Virgin, they changed their religion when they had larned of the wickedness of the world. Now, bedad, the Holy Father has them again baptised an' so they belong to the Thru Faith, ivery wan of thim, yer honour." Then without further ado Shamus returned to his seat, his air of injured innocence ostentatiously implying that the obvious merits of his case could not but disarm all captious criticism and that further discussion was needless and undesirable.

R. F. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

EARLY WILD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Records that have come to hand of flowers found in bloom during the early days of March have been fewer than usual. This reduction in numbers applies not only to plants but also to collectors. The long spell of north-east wind retarded growth, while the late snow put a stop to all search in many districts. Yet, strange to say, a list of nearly fifty flowers comes from Anglesea. Cornwall and South Devon come next, which is not surprising for the sheltered south; but records of sea thrift, sea buckthorn and sea campion point rather to the flowering of last year's late buds than to new growth. The more seasonable discoveries are more or less the same all over England, and include coltsfoot, celandine, marsh marigold, shepherd's purse, sweet violet, chickweed, whitlow grass, the two periwinkles, red dead-nettle, Veronica Buxbaumii, the goat-willow, hazel and alder. Rarer and more local plants, such as the fotid and the green hellebores, the spurge-laurel and the butter-bur have bloomed early in many places, but even so the lists are scanty compared with 1923, when seventy plants were found in the same locality in Anglesea that now only records forty-nine; while of the seventy collectors that I knew of last year only sixteen have chronicled their finds.—E. M. HARTING.

RE-CREATING OUR DAMAGED FISHERIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On every hand we see and hear that our chances of enjoying sport—honest, legitimate, health-giving sport—are becoming less and less. This may be said more especially with regard to angling in inland waters. Year after year the doleful accounts come to hand of fisheries ruined and favourite haunts spoilt, with the result that most of our remaining sporting waters are badly overfished and frequently crowded. The cause of this unsatisfactory state of our inland fisheries will be found mainly due to our industrialism. Factories, gas works, tar washing from roads are among the chief evils, but even in the heart of the country itself we have the milk depots and butter factories which, in many cases, have turned their effluent into near-by streams and ruined them for miles. Fortunately, there is now more care being exercised in the disposal of damaging effluents, but in too many cases the damage has already been done. It is impossible to put the hands of the clock back as far as industry is concerned, in fact, we need to do the other thing if we are going to hold our own in the world to-day, but we must try to rebuild or restore our damaged fisheries or the generations yet unborn will be the poorer for our failure in stewardship. Our chemists and engineers together, if given sufficient encouragement, are quite capable of dealing with all cases of pollution, and pisciculturists can then take up the work of restoring and restocking the fisheries. All suitable waters, public or private, should be stocked with suitable fish; where trout will not flourish coarse fish may do well. Rates could be reduced by the judicious stocking of public reservoirs and sale of angling

tickets. Having seen and caught fish in a river that for many years had been fish-less owing to pollution, but had been given a chance, I know this can be done.—ERNEST A. LITTEN.

A HEREFORDSHIRE CAMP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At one of the many horse-shoe bends of the Wye it is deflected by the steep slopes of Caplar Hill. The summit of the hill is crowned by one of those earthwork contour enclosures, which is vaguely called a camp. This is one of the largest of the many camps in Herefordshire, being a third of a mile long, and I had noted it in my work on the ancient trackways because I found several tracks to be sighted over it. The generous gift of the owner of Caplar (Colonel Foster) towards a Woolhope Club Fund for the exploration of the earthwork initiated by Mr. G. H. Jack, sent me in haste in December last to get some preliminary impressions. Approach was made to the eastern end through the village of Fownhope, along a part of the ancient highway to Gloucester known

it is in winter) from all points round. Nestling close up against it—as is so often the case with ancient tumuli—is a small homestead, its chief feature a fine stone barn. Within the enclosure the winter sun played on the top of the earthen walls, and shot lines of light across the camp, the shadows of the ridges and of the gnarled boles of the old yew trees being yet lit up by reflection from the fleecy clouds. Standing in the top of the camp entrance, which winds round the base of the mound, there opened up such a vista towards Gloucester as can rarely be seen. May Hill, some eight or ten miles away, showed its rounded top, crowned by a group of those Scotch Firs, which, as I mentioned in a previous letter, are the trees of the early track. Men of pre-historic days had stood at the same spot and “made tracks” for the same mark of May Hill.—ALFRED WATKINS.

DISAPPEARING SHOP SIGNS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very interested to read your comment on the disappearance of shop signs. Perhaps I may be allowed to recall one or two



WITHIN THE CAMP.

as the “Oldway.” To go to the western end a branch road past “Oldstone” (obviously from a vanished mark-stone on a track), would have to be taken. I chose the eastern end because there was marked on the map one of those mounds (now linked up with the earthwork), which I knew to be a sighting mound on a track, and a nucleus which has been the origin of the camp; for J. R. Mortimer in his Yorkshire investigations found all such mounds older than the earthworks which they touched. At the camp entrance I found the sighting mound or tumulus, higher than the earthwork running into its flank, crowned by a group of yew trees and plainly designed to be seen (as

of the remaining ones. The Dog's Head in the Pot, at 196, Blackfriars Road; the Sugar Loaves, in Fenchurch Street; the Three Squirrels, now inside Gosling's Bank (Barclay's, Limited, 19, Fleet Street), the Bottle of Hoare's Bank; and the Marigold, inside No. 1, Fleet Street (Childs' Bank). Perhaps there are a few, indeed a scanty remnant, more.—G. A. TOMLIN.

THE NEW BASLOW BRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your note in the issue of March 1st on old bridges gives the impression that the new Baslow Bridge over the Derwent is already built. That is not the case, since contracts are only just being sent in. It is correct, however, that the new bridge is going to be built beside the old one, which is as picturesque as it is dangerous.—BAKEWELL.

A SUFFOLK CUSTOM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Fifty years ago there was a quaint custom on March 21st to herald in the spring. An old shepherd would take up his stand in the market place and, five minutes before noon, wetting his finger, hold it up until the clock struck. Then there was excitement as the side which had first dried was ascertained, as that was sure to show which wind was then blowing, and the wisacres declared it was bound to prevail for three months.—HUGH MANT.

AN UNUSUAL MIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I saw this afternoon, February 29th, at Cimiez, a flock of birds which seemed to be starlings, but it was difficult to be assured of this as they were flying at a considerable height. Although the sky was quite clear, it looked like a small dark cloud drifting with some speed over Nice and passing in a southward direction. Is it possible that the abnormally cold temperature accounts for the migration of these birds?—A. B. SAYCE.



AT THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO CAPLAR CAMP.

GIANT HEMLOCKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph that I took last summer. When the giant hemlocks were out the seed was distributed by birds. They were 14ft. high. I got my sister, Miss L. F. Ridley, and a friend to stand among them to show the height. I do not think it looks like a scene in West Norfolk, five miles from Brancaster and the North Sea.—R. O. RIDLEY.

LEAP-YEAR PROPOSALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I noticed with interest the letter from your correspondent with regard to the origin of Leap Year. Last week I had occasion to make some investigations with regard to this matter. The following is a copy of an extract from Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable":

"LEAP YEAR. *The ladies propose and if not accepted claim a silk gown.*

"St. Patrick 'having driven the frogs out of the bogs' was walking along the shores of Lough Neagh, when he was accosted by St. Bridget in tears, and was told that a mutiny had broken out in the nunnery over which she presided, the ladies claiming the right of 'popping the question.' St. Patrick said he would concede them the right every seventh year when St. Bridget threw her arms round his neck and exclaimed 'Arrah, Pathrick, jewel, I daurn't go back to the girls wid such a proposal. Make it one year in four.' St. Patrick replied 'Bridget, acushla, squeeze me that way again, an' I'll give ye leap year, the longest of the lot.' St. Bridget upon this popped the question to St. Patrick himself, who, of course, could not marry; so he patched up the difficulty as best he could with a kiss and a silk gown."

From odd sources here and there I gather that the lady, to have the right to claim a silk dress, must at the time be wearing a scarlet petticoat, which she displays fully or in part to the gentleman, who is forced to give her the dress that shall cover it. A book published in 1606, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony," gives the following:

"Albeit it is nowe become part of the common lawe . . . that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege . . . of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wordes or lookes, as to them seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with the slight or contumely. . . ."

No satisfactory explanation has been provided of the origin of this custom, but it is stated to have been a very general one, and to have been legalised during the Middle Ages in France and in parts of Italy.—JOHN B. GILL.

AN EWE AND HER TRIPLETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* your interesting photographs of Suffolk sheep in the issue of March 1st, you may possibly care to publish this little picture



"LAMBS FRISK AND PLAY."



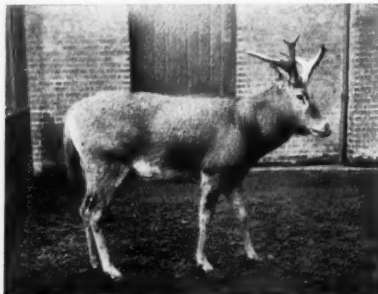
A HEMLOCK GROVE IN NORFOLK.

from Devonshire of what I think is a charming quartette.—V. M. GREEN.

A RARE DEER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An example of the rare Père David's deer has just arrived at the Zoo, a gift from the Duke of Bedford, who keeps a small herd of these animals at Woburn Park that are the last living representatives of their race. Only on one previous occasion has the species been



PERE DAVID'S DEER.

seen at the Gardens, when the same donor presented a specimen to the Zoological Society in February, 1916. The original home of Père David's deer is unknown, but it is stated that its fossil remains have been discovered in Japan. It was not until the year 1865 that the existence of the animal became generally known, and considerable interest was aroused at that time when the French missionary, the Abbé Armand David, reported that a remarkable race of deer was kept in a semi-domestic state in the Imperial Park at Pekin.

The protection afforded them in that sanctuary, however, came to an end during the Boxer rising in 1900, for the rebels made a breach in the walls of the park, with the result that the deer made their escape from the enclosure and were slain by the peasants for food. Davids' deer, which is somewhat larger than our red deer, has a dark greyish-brown coat, and an unusually long and bushy tail; but the most curious character of the animal is to be noted in the antlers of the male. With the exception of the fork at the extremity of each antler, only one tine arises from the beam, and this is curious in the fact that it is directed backwards and looks very much like a brow tine that has grown the wrong way round. Sometimes a stag may shed its antlers twice in a year. It is said that the Chinese name for this deer is *Sze-poo-seang*, meaning "like none of the four"—the "four" that are alluded to being the cow, the horse, the deer and the goat. At present the new arrival is not on view to the public, as it is very nervous and not yet accustomed to its new quarters. The enclosed photograph is of the animal that was formerly at the Gardens, and shows quite clearly all the characteristic points of the species.—W. S. BERRIDGE.

WHITE STOATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. E. King, the change from summer to winter dress is, as Mr. J. G. Millais and others pointed out, a gradual change of colour of hairs (not a white or partially white growth of new hairs, as the new coat is only of October date). This alteration in colour of hairs is less common the farther south one gets and much more common the farther north, where it is noticed the change has begun in November and often pure white are seen as late as April. In the south the change comes on usually in December-January and, as before stated, is gradual. Personally, I have never seen a white stoat in summer, but a keeper in Scotland told me that he had seen them on the top of a high hill, where the snow lay very late. It has, I think, not been found practicable to lay down any fixed dates as to the date of change of colour and length it lasts, as this is apparently guided entirely by the local conditions of the district.—M. P.

MOLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a plague of moles here. I have a tennis court adjoining a meadow, and moles burrow from this latter on to the tennis court. How can I get rid of them? Traps are too slow and uncertain. Can I poison them, and how?—SIGMA.

[We certainly do not advise the use of poison: it is too dangerous and destructive. The following passage from "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," by J. C. Millais, may be of service to our correspondent: "Moles can easily be shot. The mole generally gives three upheavals in creating the mound, and if you are close at hand and fire at once at the base of the molehill when the animal makes its second movement you will generally find that you have killed it." These movements are said to take place regularly at 7 a.m., 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. in freshly created runs.—ED.]

LINGFIELD PARK & SOME INCIDENTS

A LIKELY GRAND NATIONAL WINNER.

SINCE last writing I have little doubt that the most arresting performance by a Grand National candidate was that put up by Fly Mask at Lingfield Park last week-end. I am not taking into account anything that may have happened at Cheltenham this week, where the National Hunt Meeting has been taking place. As a rule, this meeting does not have a special bearing on the big event—I mean as regards indicating the winner with any sureness. It comes so very near to the day of the "National," and, as a rule, horses engaged there have hard races, if only because the track is generally holding and, in conformation, is a pretty severe one. The long-distance steeplechase at Hurst Park this week-end actually comes a day or two later, but the conditions are not quite so exacting. Therefore, all things considered, I do not suppose that what we saw of Fly Mask will be superseded in the opinion of those keen observers who are ever on the look-out for horses with genuine chances of winning high distinction at Aintree.

The race won by Fly Mask was over two miles and a half on a sporting course and over fences that, while not being in any sense hard, nevertheless require sure jumping. It was a handicap, and we had Forewarned with top weight of 12st. 6lb., Fly Mask and Phaco each with 11st. 12lb. There were five other runners, but general opinion left them out of calculations, arguing that the real test was between the three top weights, especially, too, as it was realised that each was most genuinely fancied. Thus the Wroughton stable managed by Mr. Aubrey Hastings had unusual confidence in Forewarned, though I had an idea that he had been given a few pounds too much weight. This, as a matter of fact, was proved to be the case, but his owner and jockey still fancied him most seriously. So we had him starting favourite, with Phaco and Fly Mask in close attendance in a betting sense. Phaco has an excellent record this season, for which his owner-trainer, Lord Westmorland, is entitled to take much credit. He jumps efficiently, even though it was a mistake at a most vital place that possibly cost him this race. He also has exceptionally good speed for a 'chaser, and a trial with him for speed was bound to tell something in regard to a fancied horse for the Grand National.

Throughout this race they went a really good gallop, no time being wasted between the fences, while the slow and laborious jumper was soon left astern. The high-class steeplechaser of to-day must be a fast jumper as well as a naturally clever horse. Phaco and Flying Mask were always travelling rather better than Forewarned. The latter was being hustled a long way from home in order to keep within hail, and, though he ran on resolutely, the real race was between the other two. They rose simultaneously at the last fence, but, whereas Fly Mask cleared it perfectly, Phaco chanced it, perhaps because he was tiring and did not meet it quite right, with the result that he pitched on landing and must have lost a length or so. His jockey quickly gathered him together and engaged him in a strenuous race home. It was Fly Mask, however, that had the stamina to keep it up, and so was able to claim a win by a narrow margin. The race was a very fine one, and, looking over the winner afterwards, I felt that he will surely have to be reckoned with at Aintree. He stands over 16h., he is light-fleshed, the cut of him is that of a jumper in every essential, and we had been shown how well he jumps and that he is endowed with admirable speed. One does not forget that a year ago at this time he was very much fancied to win the "National." His ardent trainer, Coulthwaite, would not hear of his defeat; but he never ran. He was badly pricked, or, perhaps, it was that he picked up a nail in his frog, and so fell lame. A sounder-looking horse you could not wish to see, and his presence in the forthcoming Grand National does undoubtedly add to the interest of the event.

He is a newcomer to it, and should he survive grief in its many forms I fully believe he will confirm the most excellent impression he made last week at Lingfield Park. He is owned by Mr. T. K. Laidlaw, an estimable Irishman, who, like all Irishmen that have the good luck to own good horses, believe that they are not only good but very good. One notes that Fly Mask is by Fly Fisher, the dam being by Bergomask. It is breeding the average student may never have heard of, but most of the best Irish 'chasers seem to have such obscure and unfashionable origins.

While on the subject of the Lingfield Park meeting some reference may be permitted to the Lingfield Hurdle Cup, an event worth £500, inclusive of the trophy. The prize passed into the possession of the clever young Epsom trainer, Stanley Wootton, his winner being the four year old Stuff Gown, trained for him by Coulthwaite. A week earlier, this horse had been beaten by the older horse, Boddam, at Gatwick, for the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup. Boddam had to concede 7lb. additional to the weight-for-age allowance, and quite a lot of good judges evidently thought he would succeed. However, he made one very bad mistake in jumping, though in any case I do not think he would have repeated his defeat of Stuff Gown. The younger horse ran with more dash and as if appreciating the change in

courses. Among those beaten was the notable new season's steeplechaser, Fariray, who was making a return to hurdling.

I have touched on the successes of Fly Mask and Stuff Gown on the opening day at Lingfield Park. They were quite satisfactory results. By way of contrast, there were two most unsatisfactory events on the next day. Clashing Arms, one of the best known steeplechasers in training, was beaten for the Lingfield Park Steeplechase by a short head, the one to inflict the defeat being a big brown mare named Auchinrossie, owned by Mr. Lennox Kincaid, and trained, I believe, Market Harborough way. Clashing Arms should have won easily enough. Two things contributed to his dramatic defeat. In the first place, he is one of those most impetuous and hard pullers that run themselves to a standstill. When they have exhausted much of their strength by resisting the restraint of the man on top they compound rapidly. For that reason, three miles has always been rather too far for him. Even allowing for all that, however, one feels positive that he would have won had not Jack Anthony made up his mind some way from home that he had got the opposition "stone cold." The result was that he did not press the horse when he began to tire. Obviously, he did not think there was any occasion to do so. The jockey on Auchinrossie, on the other hand, never left off urging his mare, and, going to the last fence, he was slowly decreasing what had been a gap of many lengths. When it came to the run in the mare put in such a surprising spurt as to carry her up to the leader, and, with Anthony not realising the danger until too late, she got up, to the immense astonishment of all onlookers, to win by a short head. I do not recall anything quite as tragic for backers of a pronounced favourite as this incident. It should never have occurred.

Then, in a steeplechase of three miles for amateur riders, there was a miserable turn-out of three, one of which did not count. It was really a match between Mr. Filmer Sankey on Lord Queenborough's Drinmond and Catamaran, ridden by the trainer, Mr. Percy Whitaker. The former came in a very easy winner, but was at once objected to on behalf of the second on the ground that Mr. Filmer Sankey had allowed his horse to go inside a post which is there to indicate the course to be followed. Proof was forthcoming that this had happened, and, of course, disqualification ensued. In this case, too, the thing should never have been allowed to occur. Such a thing had never happened before on this course, but there it was! Backers of these horses were left in sorry plight, and, naturally, felt that the dice had been loaded against them.

Mention has been made of the failure of this Corinthian Handicap Steeplechase, in which the horses had to be ridden by amateur riders. As a matter of fact, one of the three riders, Mr. Whitaker, has long been riding in public, and is actually between fifty and sixty years of age. That fact points to the excellence of the stuff he is made of, but according to the present attitude of the National Hunt Stewards on the amateur question he would not qualify for a permit to ride as an amateur to-day, the reason being that he makes a business of the training of horses. Well, it would be a sorry thing were this gallant rider to be barred now, after so many years of riding in public, but this would happen were the Stewards consistent in applying their new and extraordinary policy on this question. I confess I do not understand them when, on the one hand, they seek to encourage men to take part in races specially framed for amateurs, and then, on the other hand, they suppress them when they show promise and ability unless they agree to turn professionals. There is surely something to be urged for the point of view of the man who values the amateur status but would rather remain off a horse in public than become a professional jockey. Yet the Stewards, apparently, have no use for him. The whole business is disconcerting and has given more serious offence than anything I can recall in connection with Turf legislation.

I continue to believe that Shaun Spadah, with all his weight, will take a deal of beating for the Grand National, and his trainer shares the belief I expressed a little while ago in these notes that the old horse was never as good in his life as he is now. I watched him do a "school" after racing was over at Lingfield Park, when also one of the party was Alcazar, and the hero of the race three years ago went like a good horse half his actual age. Alcazar, too, is at his best now, but he was to run at Cheltenham before these notes were due to appear in print. A win for him there would throw more light on his abilities, but it must not be assumed that he is certain to compete for the Grand National.

Lincolnshire Handicap news continues to favour the candidature of the French horse, Sir Galahad III, while satisfactory accounts have been received of Soval and Evander, and of Morestel rather than her stable companion, Jarvie. Morestel is being tried this week-end. If Sir Galahad III be anything like as good as the French folk believe, then he will win, if only because the class is moderate and Epinard caused the weights to be so lowered that most of the jockeys will be small boys for whom comparatively few horses will give their best running.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LYNFORD HALL SOLD

SIR HOWARD FRANK has, as everyone knows, had some remarkable experiences in the rostrum, having dealt with properties of incomparable importance or value; but surely one of the most noteworthy was that when he knocked down land at a fraction over 2d. an acre. The exact figure worked out at about half-a-crown for 14 acres. This was the eighth lot in the offering of 288,480 acres in the Island of Lewis, on behalf of Lord Leverhulme. The lot has an area of 56,008 acres, and the price was £500. Of course, the figures of the outgoing are all-important here, the burdens being £1,242, exclusive of the occupier's rates, and the rent roll, roundly, £1,300 a year.

The Grimersta section of the estate remained in the hands of the vendor at a bid of £13,000, which was, naturally, rejected for a vast acreage and the unrivalled salmon fishing, of which we have given a good many particulars in recent references to the auction. There was a large and deeply interested company at the Hanover Square auction room, and many of those present had come from Scotland to see, if not to decide by their bidding, how the various lots were dealt with.

Sir Francis Guy Laking lived for many years at York Gate House, Broadstairs, now for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have instructions also to sell, for Commander J. A. L. Hay, R.N., a property of 118 acres at Fulmer, near Gerrards Cross.

A "LUTYENS" HOUSE IN PERTSHIRE.

A LUTYENS house is a comparatively rare and undeniably very valuable feature on a sporting estate. This exists on the residential and sporting estate of Straloch, Perthshire, to be offered for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The estate covers 2,860 acres, and the shootings consist principally of a grouse moor, yielding about 450 brace of grouse. The modern residence was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and the estate is in a locality noted for sporting.

Lord Rollo has instructed the firm to offer Duncrub Castle, with 540 acres, and salmon fishing in the River Earn, the firm having recently disposed of outlying portions of the estate. Included with the castle and policies are a farm of 193 acres, and 219 acres of grass and woodlands. The district in which Duncrub is situated is Strathearn, ten miles from Perth and five miles from Gleneagles, the new golfing centre.

The Master of Elbank has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Darn Hall, Peebles, by auction in May. The mansion, 800ft. above sea level, has been owned by the Murray family for more than 400 years. The estate extends to 1,994 acres, nineteen miles from Edinburgh. The house, which looks down on the valley of Eddleston Water, was vested by James IV in his cleric and servitor, John Murray, from whom the present proprietor traces his descent. That Murray followed his king to Flodden and fell with him.

GOOD DEMAND FOR FARMS.

PROGRESS is being made with a land sale, conducted by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, which comprises about 8,000 acres of freehold grass farms on the Yorkshire and Lancashire borders. The Sawley portion, about 2,200 acres, has been referred to in our columns as recently sold. The agents now announce the sale of the Elslack and Thornton block, consisting of 2,441 acres and having a rental value of £2,460 per annum.

In the last six or eight weeks, sales of country properties for over £30,000 have been effected by Messrs. Jackson Staps, who have sold Milthorpe, Lois Weedon, 60 acres for £3,600; Blisworth Hill Farm, 187 acres, for £4,725; Grafton House Farm, Blisworth, for the Northampton Co-operative Society, for £3,850; The Oaklands, Cliftonville, Northampton, for £3,500; and several parcels of timber in various counties. The firm is to dispose of a number of good fen farms for the executors of the late Mr. Hall. A part of the property is to be sold at Sandy, and, in addition, they have, for private negotiation, Abbey Park Farm, Swineshead, near Boston, with residence and 528 acres of fenland; Terrington Lands Farm, Thorney Fen, 218 acres; Portsand Farm, also in Thorney Fen, 238 acres; and The Manor Farm, Doddington, 470 acres, all valuable fen land. The firm is also to

deal with Dingley Hall, 1,800 acres, near Market Harborough, for Viscount Downe, including the mansion and some of the rich Welland Valley grazing farms, which so seldom come into the market. They have timber for sale in many counties, including a parcel on the Paxton Hall estate, St. Neots.

By private treaty, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, in conjunction with Messrs. Bradwell and Sons, have sold the residential and agricultural estate of Flawborough, between Nottingham and Newark. The property consists of a modern residence, fitted with electric light, and with hunting stabling attached, a bailiff's house, cottage and 300 acres. The former firm has also sold Lower Foxhangers Farm, Devizes, a dairy holding of 122 acres, with house and modernised buildings.

AN EAST ANGLIAN DOMAIN.

CAPTAIN F. J. O. MONTAGU has sold Lynford Hall, the well known East Anglian sporting property of 7,720 acres, seven miles from Thetford, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The mansion, in the Tudor style, was built in 1858, and, externally, its chief feature is a pair of square turrets, with leaded cupolas, on the west front. The internal scale and scheme of the structure are well exemplified in the ballroom, which is 60ft. by 22ft., with an enriched ceiling in geometric pattern with colours, oak wainscoting, and rare marbles and ormolu work in the mantels. There are thirty or forty bedrooms.

No expense was ever spared to make Lynford Hall a first-rate sporting property, a detail that proves this being the existence of fourteen artificial dewponds specially for watering game. Each of the beats has its own shooting hut, and much of the planting has been with an eye to perfecting what has been called "a natural home of partridges." Wild duck shooting and coarse fishing are to be had on West Toft Mere, and there are three miles of strictly preserved trouting in the river Wissey, where the trout average 1½lb. The records of the game bags show as many as 10,140 pheasants in 1913, but in 1915-16 fewer than 3,000, the note being appended, "No keepers, owner in France." Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. state that sawing, creosoting and other plant has been installed for dealing with marketable timber, and tobacco growing has done as well at Lynford as anywhere.

An illustrated special article on Lynford Hall was published in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XIV, page 758). The gardens are of an exceptionally elaborate and pleasing character, and the vista southwards of the gardens, where lies the lake and beyond and around it the park, rich in luxuriantly grown trees, is very beautiful.

COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR SOUTHAMPTON.

WHETHER for proximity to the New Forest and all that that name imports in sport and outdoor occupations, or to the coast, Ridgemount, Bassett, is a well placed residence, but it has even a higher value, possibly, as Southampton is developing most rapidly and the number of available houses of the better class is very limited. The property of 12 acres is less than three miles from the outskirts of the port, and less than a mile from the electric tramway terminus; yet its surroundings are thoroughly rural, and it is a fact that there is hunting with three packs of hounds, excellent fishing a few miles away, and the Stoneham golf course is but ten minutes' walk from the house.

Lieutenant-General Sir William T. Shone, D.S.O., has resided at Ridgemount for some years, but is now leaving it, and in consequence the trustees of the late Mr. W. E. Darwin are selling the property. Ridgemount is high above sea level, and it has a dozen bedrooms and two bathrooms. A large garage, with stabling and other outbuildings, and a kitchen garden of an acre with plenty of fruit trees, add to the value of the place. Messrs. Waller and King will hold the auction in the house on Wednesday, March 26th.

One of the large freehold residences in Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, known as Norheads, in gardens of almost an acre, was to have come under the hammer of Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, last Monday, but it changed hands in advance of the auction at a very satisfactory figure.

Holland Park properties just disposed of through the agency of Messrs. Berkeley R.

Burton and Partners are No. 21, Addison Road, which has grounds of an acre, and No. 2, Holland Villas Road. Consequent on the sale of the latter residence the firm has instructions to hold a sale of the contents, which are of exceptional value and interest, comprising a gallery of English, Italian and Spanish pictures, and a great deal of fine furniture. The auction is appointed for April, the view being at the end of this month.

MRS. WINNINGTON-INGRAM'S HOME.

THE late Mrs. Winnington-Ingram, mother of the Bishop of London, lived at Bickenham, Cavendish Place, Bournemouth, which is now to be sold by Messrs. Fox and Sons, who are to sell the contents of the house. Another auction on behalf of executors is that of West Cliff Lodge, Marlborough Road, Bournemouth, the home of the late Captain Dudley S. A. Cosby. Privately the firm has disposed of Rothwell Dene, Milner Road, Bournemouth, a house in extensive grounds on the Overcliff Drive; also King's Grange and two other first-rate residences on the West Cliff.

Country properties recently disposed of by Messrs. Batten and Heywood include Corwen, Farnham; Oatlands, Woking; and Ashley Croft, Walton-on-Thames, the latter in conjunction with Messrs. Waterer and Sons. Their town transactions include the sale of No. 1, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea. This month they will sell by auction The Old Rectory Farm, Nutfield, with 73 acres, and the Georgian residence, 17, Wimpole Street.

Approximately £10,000 worth of country property has been sold this week by Messrs. Thake and Paginton, including Byne House, Warminster, an early Georgian house with garage; Prior's Hold, Wantage, an old-fashioned house having oak beams and paneling; Westrop House, Highworth, a Georgian residence and 5 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Tresidder and Co.). In addition they have sold smaller houses in Newbury.

Besides use as residences, two Surrey properties, Fetcham Park, Leatherhead, with 22 acres, at £12,500, and Selsdon Park, Sandstead, 40 acres, for £13,000, are commended by the Percy Harvey Estates, Limited, as being suitable for adaptation as schools, hotels or institutions. In both instances immediate entry may be made.

Old country houses just sold by Messrs. Squire, Herbert and Co. include Lucas Green Manor, near Chobham, and a property near Sevenoaks known as Oaklands, Ightham.

An "upset" price of £4,000 has been placed on No. 31, Lowndes Square, which will be sold, with possession, by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons at the City Mart next Wednesday. The lease is direct from the Lowndes estate for ninety years from 1909, thus having about seventy-five years to run, at a ground rent of only £100 a year.

PRIVATE TRANSACTIONS.

A CHOICE old Sussex house is The Five Gables at Mayfield, which, though dating back about three centuries, has been well cared for and much improved, especially by the late owner, Dr. W. C. S. Clapham, whose executors are the vendors. The freehold of between 2 and 3 acres lies in a delightful position 335ft. above sea level, and overlooks a lovely landscape. Vacant possession will be given after the auction, which is fixed for Tuesday, April 1st, at St. James's Square, the agents being Messrs. Hampton and Sons in conjunction with Messrs. E. Watson and Sons. The particulars give good views of the house and garden.

Next Tuesday, at St. James's Square, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will offer Birch Tree House, Greenaway Gardens, Hampstead; Eastcroft, Bridgewater, a freehold residence with garage, stabling and small farmery, with gardens of 7½ acres, also an enclosure of pastureland of 7 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Powell and Powell); and a town house in Harrington Gardens, South Kensington. The firm's list for March 25th includes two residences at Hampstead—79, Platts Lane, a freehold close to the West Heath; and 5, The Gables, a residence actually on Hampstead Heath.

Privately, Messrs. Hampton and Sons have sold Bunyip, a modern house near Bicester, with 20 acres, and other properties. ARBITER.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

SPRATT'S LITERARY ADVENTURE.

A GOOD many shooting men would appear to be unaware that the firm which daily engraves on the retina of our eyes the fact that it purveys dog biscuits is also our largest supplier of game foods. This knowledge when it first came my way caused a certain amount of surprise, but since then abundant confirmation has been available. That they should wish to emphasise their connection with game rearing is not surprising, having regard to the active reconstruction processes which are proceeding in this department. But that they should start a paper for the discussion of shooting problems in the form of a shilling quarterly entitled "Game and Gun" is certainly a proof of courage as well as of enterprise. No doubt, they realise how important is the adoption of sound principles if the best is to be made of whatever class of shooting the individual has available, and nobody is better able to judge wherein efficiency lies than a firm whose travellers call regularly upon practically every gamekeeper in the country. In the course of such visits these ambassadors of commerce must come across men of sound method who possess the gift of reducing their practical work to a system of theory; in a word, potential contributors to their journal. The first number contains a goodly collection of articles touching on the means of producing the wherewithal for sport, also a most useful review of the past season's gun dog field trials. Altogether, excellent service is done to the cause of shooting, which sport, by the way, is at the present time going through a very difficult period of transition. Whether land ownership is essential to the enjoyment of shooting is a query which has to be settled in the coming years. The demand exists, good rents—and more especially high fees by the gun—are on offer, the question is whether the cares and attentions formerly associated with proprietorship can be lavished on hired land.

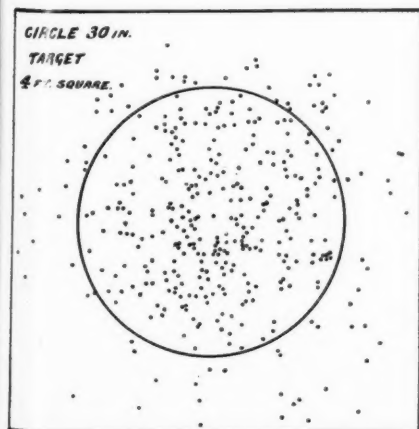
A CRITICISM.

The only blemish in an otherwise perfect production is the effort to include a scientific gunnery article. Adorned, or rather defaced, by crudely drawn and obviously unreal representations of gun pattern, it seeks to enlighten us on the ranging power of shot guns. For example: "exhaustive experiments have proved that the pellets on the outside of a 30in. circle are the slower moving ones." Concerning which I would remark that, subject to one conspicuous exception, I can call to mind no experiments on the subject, though I have encountered hundreds of incidental items of evidence in flat contradiction to the assertion quoted. Since COUNTRY LIFE conducted the one set of experiments which finally settled this question, I cannot do better than offer the following quotation from our issue of March 21st, 1908: "It has hitherto been assumed that the outside pellets were generally those having the least velocity, the greatest amount of distortion and the least penetration; our experiment has, at any rate, proved that this is not the case." I might mention that in the experiments in question the entire target consisted of a slab of soap and that no less than one ton of it was used to elucidate the points of enquiry.

LOADS FOR CLAY-BIRD SHOOTING.

From time to time pilgrimages are made to our shooting grounds by sportsmen who are anxious to test the performances of a favourite gun and to assure themselves of the character of pattern it is capable of yielding when the most favourable charge for use in the cartridge has been found.

Among trapshooters the exciting event of the season which has just begun is the Olympic Games at Paris, wherein there will be a closely contested world's championship event at clay targets. A friend who possessed a gun specially built for this work wanted a reliable



PATTERN FOR CLAY BIRDS.

sequence of patterns of the kind here displayed, that is to say, a "killing circle," so densely filled that a properly held gun would be sure to score a smash. The gun being chambered for 2½ in. cases and 1½ oz. being the shot load concerned, we decided to use a sample of Tatham's shot which gives a total of 375 pellets for the weight

stated. In other words, the pellets were American size No. 7, running a nominal 299 to the ounce. The recommended amount of English powder is 38 grains, but as this emphasised velocity at the expense of pattern, we came down to 36 grains without even then attaining the standard of performance desired. A further reduction to 34 grains produced much superior results, the following pellets in the circle having been recorded for the four rounds which were fired in this the initial series: 258, 265, 272, 273. Average 267, or 71 per cent. of the total pellets in the charge. A photograph was taken of one of these rounds and although its precise identity in the series was not recorded, the reproduction is sufficiently typical to convey the character of pattern needed by the clay bird shooter, whose ambition is to soar well into the 90 per cents. For such work consistent and well-filled patterns are a desideratum. Should anyone be inclined to complain that the distribution of pellets is patchy and uneven the reply must be that, as these things go, the result is good.

GAME REFLECTIONS.

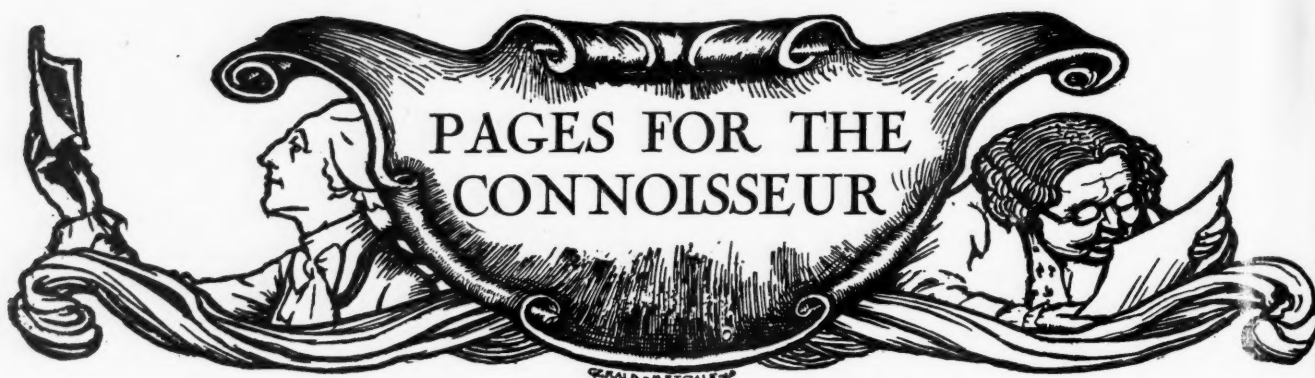
From a correspondent, Mr. Noel M. Sidgwick, come the following lucubrations of a sportsman of the older school.

"Once again the coveys have broken and paired. Except for a late one here and there, the chosen meander fearlessly close to the road as though they know, as we do, that one more season has taken its toll of game and has passed out—with its good and its bad points to be numbered and discussed as a back chapter in the annals of sport. Towards the end of December I was staying with an old friend who had till recent years bred pheasants on his estate, but latterly, owing to the war and the lack of funds since peace was signed, has looked upon the woods as a rough shoot to be brought to book some five times during the season with the help of a few intimate friends. W. is a sportsman of the old school, one to whom a breach of etiquette or the breaking of the unwritten laws of sport is as a red flag is to a bull or an old time Conservative. His wife, too, is a keen sportswoman, although she has never handled a gun. One night, during dinner, the wily conduct of the latter-day pheasant happened to be mentioned in conversation, and, probably, the same question has been widely discussed elsewhere.

"Of late years they have shown a great reluctance to rise, preferring to run from covert to covert and so to circumvent the line of beaters, or even to come boldly out and make across the ride in full view of the guns. Occasionally, when hard pressed, an old cock will crash upwards through the branches and, mid cries of "cock up," will make back over the heads of the beaters. Such behaviour on the part of the birds can only mean that since the protection afforded them has been withdrawn, Dame Nature has provided them with a sixth sense in order to balance the persecution to which they are so often subject.

"While enjoying the most excellent remains of a boiled rabbit and onion sauce, I led off by saying that my empty bag of the morning might have been rectified with a cock or two had they risen instead of running into the thickets. My hostess then advocated the methods of the new school by saying, "Well, why not get them running if they won't rise? and since the place is badly poached I should shoot the hens too, otherwise some less desirable person is certain to have them." Ten years ago I would have answered her without hesitation; but had ten years ago been now my hostess would never have tendered such a proposition. As it was, I turned over the point and came to the conclusion that the suggestion merited consideration, for it is a fact that our smaller estates that can ill afford to breed and protect pheasants are badly poached, the honourable laws of the old sportsmen being never discussed except by way of ridicule in the four-ale bar. As for myself and my host, we would never kill a running pheasant even if we knew its ultimate destination was the "hen's pocket" of the local and most disreputable poacher. But if bird education continues along its present lines and the longtails in years to come refuse entirely to leave the ground, then let them run and fall to other guns of less principle. As for a "hen" in January, let her go to the pot of those who have never understood the rules of the game, for she shall find no eye on the sight of our guns.

"The question after all carries but small significance in my mind, though I pass it on reluctantly to the rising generation. Should they care to kill with logic and reason let them do so, for we old men still have our memories, so, now that sport has fallen to the lowest level, we prefer to dream of yesterday, leaving our sons to do as they will. Times have changed and morals altered; our guns will soon be idle, for our season nears its end. We have had our days (aye, and they were good days, too), and those of us who have not passed out meet sometimes and discuss those absent ones and the rides and stands that were, and still are, our favourites. Over a glass of good port these red-letter days are lived over again; accordingly, whatever may befall we still retain that most necessary of all things—the will to play cricket and play the game well, until the day arrives when the umpire in white shall proclaim that our time has come and we must part with the pitch. Then let us utter a word of good cheer for those who come after."



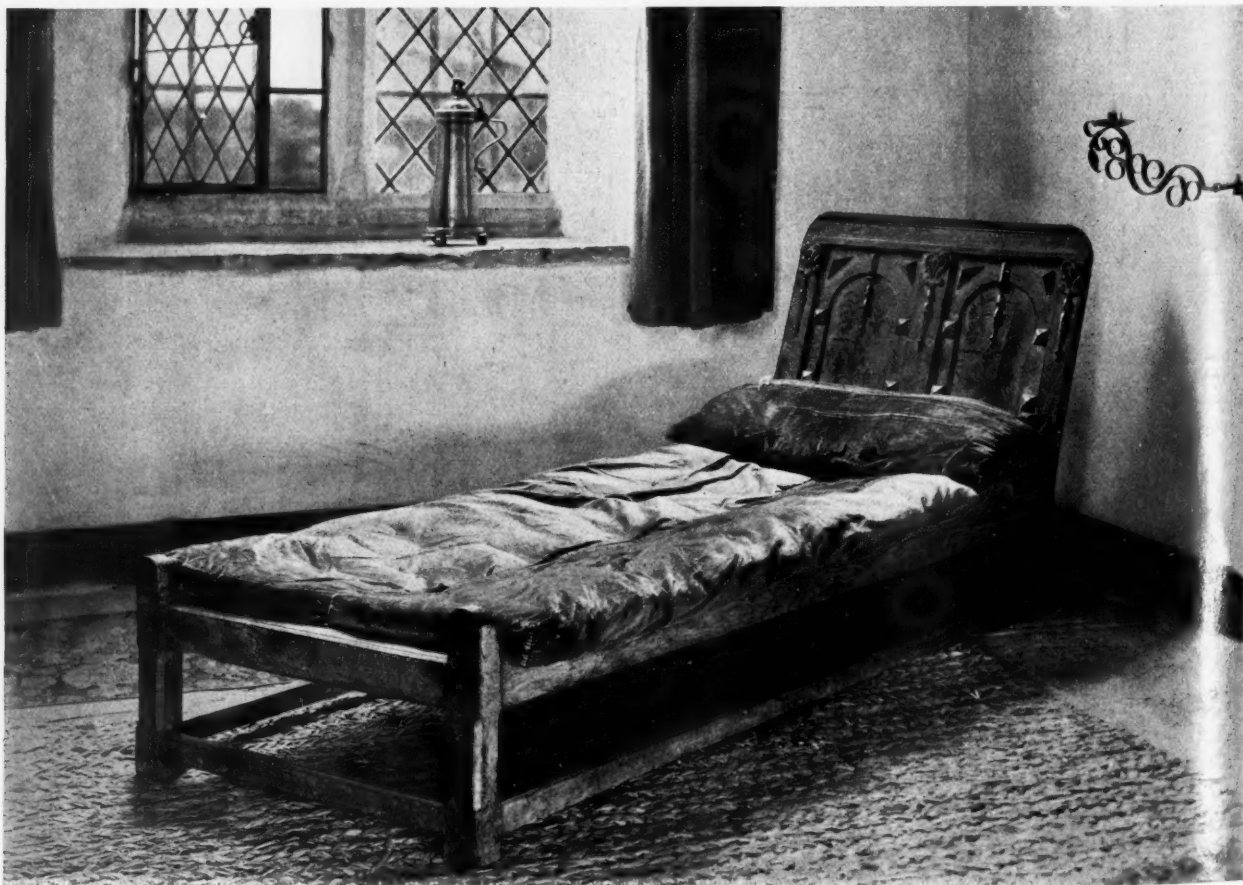
AN OAK DAY-BED

THROUGHOUT the Middle Ages beds were often placed in the principal living room and served for purposes of repose in the daytime, but they were sometimes supplemented in great establishments by long benches on which cushions were arranged. These primitive couches are occasionally figured in illuminated manuscripts and allusions to them occur in metrical romances. Among the furniture of the bedroom prepared by Edward IV at Windsor Castle for the Governor of Holland was "a couch with feather beds." This was certainly for use in the daytime, as the room contained a bed of estate elaborately hung.

The day-bed, as a distinct variety of furniture, was probably introduced from Italy by luxury-loving and much-travelled courtiers under Henry VIII. By the end of the sixteenth century, day-beds were already sufficiently familiar for Shakespeare to assume that a London audience would understand the term. In "Richard II," published in 1594, Buckingham, contrasting Gloster's austerity with the licentiousness of his brother Edward IV, says that the Duke is engaged in prayer and "is not lolling on a lewd day-bed." But even in great establishments such couches were probably still rare. They do not figure in the Lumley inventory of 1591, although the house contained enormous quantities of padded stools and other contemporary novelties. If during the labour of the day a brief interlude of rest was found necessary, a bench made more comfortable with loose cushions served the need of those unacquainted with the luxury of Courts.

The early form of day-bed, developed from the bench by the addition of panelled ends, was made in oak, the lower portion being hung with valances and the cushions often covered with rich material. A specimen dating from about 1600 preserved in the Long Gallery at Hardwick is painted throughout a deep chocolate red and decorated in colour with the arms of Shrewsbury and Talbot surrounded by floral arabesques. The long cushion is covered with the original rose damask, but those at the head, a graduated set, have disappeared and the valances have been renewed at a later date. That such day-beds were now becoming plentiful in luxuriously appointed houses may be gathered from a reference in Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and have a Wife" of 1624. One lady asks another if there are "day-beds in all chambers," and receives an affirmative answer. The example illustrated represents the type in use when Fletcher wrote his play, the arcaded back decorated with bosses and the applied pendants headed by strapwork pointing to a date about 1630. After the Restoration a new type was introduced from France, where the fashion of these *lits de repos*, as they were called, had spread very rapidly towards the close of Louis XIII's reign. These day-beds were made in walnut and caned, with a back rest at one or both ends, hinged and adjustable by means of cords. Oak specimens with an adjustable back were also occasionally produced in the provinces, but these followed an independent evolution, turned balusters forming the legs and uprights in place of the massive framework of earlier times.

R. E.



OAK DAY-BED, THE BACK ARCADED AND DECORATED WITH BOSSES, APPLIED PENDANTS AND STRAPWORK. CIRCA 1635. The property of the Rev. F. Meyrick-Jones.